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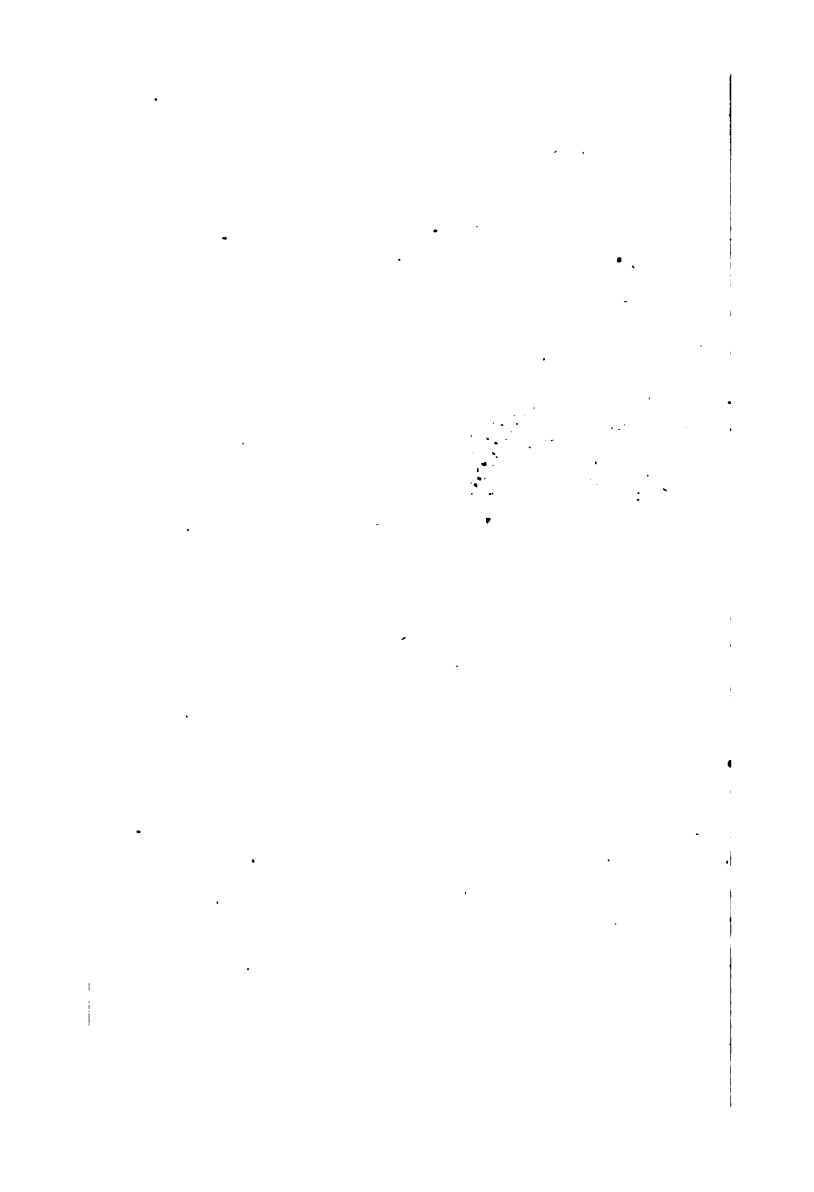
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THE
LITTLE MOMIERE.



BY

MRS. SHERWOOD.

AUTHOR OF

"ORPHANS OF NORMANDY," THE "FAIRCHILD FAMILY,"
&c. &c.

LONDON:
J. HATCHARD AND SON, 187, PICCADILLY.
1833.

248.

LONDON:

IBOTSON AND PALMER, PRINTERS, SAVOY ST. STRAND.

ADVERTISEMENT.

THE Little Momiere, having been written by the express desire of certain pious ladies of Geneva, and actually commenced in that place, it is hoped that it will be found to be a correct representation of the manners of the little territory, and a faithful picture of that singular custom, by which the daughters of the higher classes of Genevese are thus early deprived of the blessings and privileges which children in other Christian countries derive from the leisure of the Lord's Day.

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THE LITTLE MOMIERE.

PAULINE and Sophie were the daughters of a merchant of Geneva. A man of the first consideration in the city towards the end of the last century ; but as it does not suit the collector of these memoirs to mention a name which may be too well known, I shall drop the real name of this gentleman, and adopt another in its stead. The name I have chosen is that of de Levrat.

Monsieur Levrat had a town house on the promenade de la Traille, which is in the most elevated part of the city, and a campagne or country-house beyond the Port de Rive, on the road to the Saleves.

Pauline de Levrat was some years older than her sister Sophie, the latter of whom was so unfortunate as to lose her mother on the very day that her eyes opened on this world of pain and sorrow ; in consequence of which she was intrusted to the charge of a servant of the family, one who had married from the family some years before, and who had just had an infant, and was well able to impart the nourishment so necessary for infants, to another child as well as her own. Thus, an affectionate foster-mother, was, by the kind arrangement of Providence, prepared for the bereaved infant, and, as will be seen, a further advantage accrued to little Sophie than what first appeared to those who only looked to present things.

The house of Janet Keller may still be seen by those who are curious in such matters, on the border of that triangular green, shaded with three rows of chesnuts, called by distinction *Pré l'Eveque*, or the Bishop's Meadow, from having formerly made part of a

domain, possessed in this quarter by the bishops of Geneva, and where, indeed, still appears a mansion, standing within a walled garden, which was the bishop's palace. Although the exterior of this mansion has undergone so complete a metamorphosis, that its ancient destination would not be easily supposed, nevertheless, a grove of very ancient chesnut trees cast a solemn shade upon one part of the domain, and give an air of distinction to the whole place. The house in which Janet Keller dwelt, was, however, from its situation, particularly convenient for Monsieur Levrat, or his eldest daughter with her governess, (a personage denominated *la Bonne* on the continent,) to call upon the little nurseling as they passed from the town to the country-house. Though it should be remarked, that the father's carriage was seen much oftener at the door of the nurse than that which was appropriated to the use of Mademoiselle Pauline. But in speaking of the quarter called *Pré l'Eveque*, I cannot say

whether it had then deserved that which has been since said of it, that it is a principal resort of those who adhere more closely than the national church of Geneva at present does, to the opinions of the old reformers. At present, however, the followers of the reformers have a chapel close to the palace of the ancient bishops; and it has happened to me more than once to hear their notes of the purest, most simple, and pathetic harmony, arising in the stillness of evening from beneath the humble roof under which these persons assemble to perform their acts of praise and prayer, as I have been passing along under the high walls which encompass the ancient seat of the bishop; but the people of this country have an intuitive taste for music, and in no place which I have ever visited, have I been so thoroughly satisfied as I have been in this, with the fashion of their sacred music. But I am departing from my subject, and as I was saying before, I know not how long it is since those, who by



derision are called Momiers in Geneva, have erected one of their chapels in this place, and, as it were, collected themselves in this quarter; but this I know, that under the simple roof of Janet Keller, so far back as the infancy of Sophie, there was not unseldom a re-union of persons, who made the Holy Scriptures the foundation of their hopes in death, and of their consolation through all the trials of this eventful life. Janet, like most of her countrywomen, had a sweet voice, and when occupied with her household concerns, accustomed herself to sing certain ancient sacred airs, which she had received from her pious ancestors. Hence it was, with the songs of praise as old as the days of Calvin, that the infant Sophie was lulled to sleep in her cradle; and as she was left with Janet till she was four years of age, she was able to remember in after life, many scenes of infancy associated in her mind, with kneeling before her nurse to repeat her prayers, with portions of verses taken from

the sacred writings, and a more lifted up to heaven, to indicate, that he would direct where was to be looked to in every circumstance of life. Nevertheless, when Sophie was four years old, she was removed to her father's house, and all familiar intercourse with her nurse terminated at the same time, by the new habits of life into which she was initiated, and the removal of the excellent woman to a little farm in the village of Monaster in the Galeses.

And now we must follow our little Sophie into new scenes. As la Bonne expressed it, she had been too long with her nurse, although the extreme delicacy of her health had induced her father to delay subjecting her to the pain of parting from her adopted mother to a period beyond what would otherwise have been thought right, and it was expedient, therefore, to lose no time in giving her those habits which are necessary in the formation of a fashionable and elegant woman. The governess was from Paris, and

the accents of Sophie, as she herself expressed it, tortured her ears, and gave her a sensation truly insupportable. The ideas of the child were also so grotesque, that for awhile la Bonne even doubted whether she had the common understanding of children. She was soon, however, satisfied that there was no natural deficiency in the little girl; neither did she despair of soon forming her according to the belle ideale which she had in her mind. Nor was the governess deficient in the measures which she took to secure her end, for the children of this world have this advantage over those whose interest is in the affairs of the next, inasmuch as they have no contending feelings—the present world is their object, their only and sole object. They may, indeed, have some passing alarms respecting what may follow death, and might be glad to evade the consequences of their evil actions in the world to come; but they never distract their minds from present things by anxious thoughts respecting the future life. They

pursue the world, and only the world, till the world passes from them in the last moment of their lives, unless touched by a divine hand, and brought to a stand by a power superior to their own ;—a statement of the case, which may perhaps be questioned by people in general, but which cannot be doubted when this fact is understood, that throughout the whole heathen earth, we have not upon record a single prayer made in health and prosperity, for celestial happiness.

It is for some earthly good, and for that only, that the multifarious prayers of the ungodly are poured forth to the objects of their idolatry. But la Bonne had no objects of worship but herself and the world. She was a disciple of the modern school, and her morality was little else than expediency, with a continual reference of that expediency to her own advancement in society. It was expedient that she should render Sophie as agreeable in the eyes of the world as Pauline was already accounted to be, in order that her own

credit as an instructress might grow thereby ; and as I before remarked, she bent her whole soul to this purpose, using that worldly wisdom which is more perfect in its way than the wisdom of the child of God, inasmuch as that the wisdom which is from above, when admitted into the heart of man, is continually counteracted by the natural corruption of that heart ; hence the inconsistencies, weaknesses, and imperfections, ever visible in the people of God, whereby the Church of Christ is brought to shame from age to age in the eyes of the world, and its members counted but as silly sheep, wandering over the dark hills of this earth, and having no hope but in the Shepherd, who will assuredly guide them, erring as they are, by his words of wisdom, into a place of safety, which otherwise they could never attain. However, la Bonne erred not in her path, but rather went right forward to her object. Perceiving that the little girl had acquired some ideas of religion which she did not approve, she carefully avoided reminding

had, as I before said, been introduced into the Sunday evening assemblies of her young companions, and these re-unions had already begun to exert such an influence over her heart as in a certain degree to supersede all other feeling. Since this introduction her mind and manners had lost all that had remained of youthful simplicity, and from one Sunday to another she referred all her actions to the decision which might be passed upon them by her little coterie.

One evil effect of these assemblies was remarkable, above all others, in the elder sister, when the younger was brought home, and this was, that feeling herself to be the member of a society which had the manners of the world, she could not accommodate herself to the ways of a child of four years old. Pauline had already relinquished her dolls, I will not say her toys, for she had only exchanged one sort for another fitter for an older baby, and she could not be prevailed upon to take them up to please the little one.

Accordingly, for some time she took no notice of her sister ; but when she observed that her infant beauty attracted the attention of those about her, she grew jealous of her, and this feeling long remained with her, though, in after life, she felt it due to her own character not to let it appear to the world. But as it is not the history of Pauline that I can enlarge upon, having but little information beyond what I have already given respecting her younger years, I shall merely say, that the governess met with no interruption in her plans with either sister, which were entirely built on the basis of the new philosophy, at that time so prevalent on the continent, excepting at the period when it was thought proper by Monsieur de Levrat that his daughters should be confirmed and admitted to the holy supper, previous to which, according to the rules of their national church, they were to go through a sort of examination from the minister of the district or parish.

Accordingly, in preparation for this examination, it was necessary that something must be learnt, and the Geneva catechism, as offering the speediest and most approved method for obtaining the requisite information, was purchased and put into their hands, in order that as much of its contents as might be barely sufficient to enable them to pass through the required forms of the church without disgracing their friends, might be committed to memory; which end being obtained, the means were forgotten, and in the true spirit of the popery of the human heart, the form having been attended to, the catechism was thrown aside, and as completely forgotten as if it had never existed; whilst Mademoiselle, by whom I wish my reader to understand that I mean the governess, recommenced her efforts for rendering her pupils complete in the eyes of the fashionable world, with an energy which seemed to have gathered strength from the momentary pause. And here it might be re-

marked, although I profess myself to be as impartial as every true historian ought to be, that if the little analysis of religion which the young people had been made to learn, and the governess to teach, had contained only one single simple statement of any truth, that truth could not have entirely fallen to the ground without some effect, for thus saith the Scripture, (Isaiah lvi. 11,) "The word that goeth forth out of my mouth shall not return unto me void, but it shall accomplish that which I please, and it shall prosper in the thing whereunto I send it." But inasmuch as the volume we speak of left not a trace behind it on the minds of those who had been occupied with it, we fear that we must acknowledge either that the Scripture is false, or the little volume not conformed thereunto, since it had missed so entirely of its aim in the instance alluded to; for this I firmly believe, that the Word of God never fails of producing the effect whereunto it is sent, either of awakening the

soul from the sleep of death unto the spirit of life, or of exciting that irritation which permits not the hearer to enjoy that fatal repose which is the death of the soul.

But to leave these digressions, and to return to our history. The efforts of the governess were so successful, that when that discreet personage found it expedient to leave her pupils, in order to travel with an English family to Rome, she had the pleasure of thinking that she did not leave behind her in Geneva two young people who dressed and danced in a superior style to her pupils, or who had more of the Parisian accent in speaking the language of the country.

After the departure of their preceptress, the two sisters did not remain long in a single state, for Pauline was the happy and distinguished individual who was first married from the little coterie to which she belonged ; and Sophie followed her sister's example in less than three years. And now, having advanced thus far in my history, it

is necessary (for the sake of such of my readers as are not much acquainted with what passes on the eastern side of the Jura,) that I should explain the hints already given respecting the assemblies of young people, which must hitherto have appeared perfectly unintelligible, inasmuch as the singular custom to which I refer has no existence, I believe, beyond the valleys of Switzerland.

These assemblies of young girls on the Sunday evenings are formed when they are children, and often from the ages of four to five, and generally by mothers attached to each other, having often themselves been members of a similar Society, and wishing that their children should be connected in the same way. When they think that the number of those who are proposed are sufficient, they then refuse any more, and the Society is said to be closed.

These young girls meet every Sunday in the winter, and amuse themselves as they please; they are watched in their infancy,

and as they advance in years are gradually left to themselves. These Societies are thus arranged :—Each Society is only composed of single girls until one of its own members is married, at which time an entire revolution in its plans take place. The Society in its original form is supposed to be closed, and when re-opened admits gentlemen ; such of its members as have not been confirmed or taken the sacrament generally waiting to assist at this new kind of assembly till these forms have been duly observed.

When these arrangements are all complete, that is, when one marriage has taken place, and all the members who are old enough have been confirmed, the gentlemen who wish to be of the Society which is about to be re-opened then make it their business to get an introduction to some young lady of the Society, in the hope that she may be induced to recommend him. A general meeting of the young ladies is then held, at which each young person produces a list of the gen-

lemen candidates who have applied to her. A general list is then made out, and an express invitation sent to each gentleman to meet the Society at the house of the new-married lady, and from that time these gentlemen have a right to meet the assembly every Sunday evening without further invitation: it is also taken for granted that after the re-opening, the fathers of the young ladies have a right to be members of the Society, and from this time no changes take place in this Society excepting such as accrue from the marriage of young ladies, when the husbands of these young ladies become members of course.

“It should be observed,” remarked the lady who favoured me with the information given above, “that these re-unions give great advantages to women, inasmuch as that by introducing their husbands to their Sunday assemblies, they also introduce them to their relations and friends; and if it should so happen that they should marry a man whose

situation in life is not equal to their own, they bring their husbands into the circle in which they themselves have been accustomed to move ; but the same advantage is not derived by the man, for he cannot introduce his wife into the Society into which he has been admitted ; he may be invited to his Society without his wife, but a woman cannot be invited without her husband. You may understand from this that mothers are very scrupulous regarding the choice of the young girls who are admitted into the same Society with their daughters, and who are to form with them a friendship which may last for their lives, observing carefully that their rank in life should be the same. The eldest and youngest members of these Societies have seldom more than four years' difference in their age. It is particularly (say the natives of Geneva) at the two extremes of life that these Societies are precious, for the purposes for which they are formed ; in infancy these young girls gain, by mixing with num-

bers, (for there are seldom less than twelve or fifteen in each Society,) the habit of accommodating to each other, and of being complaisant; in short, they are exposed by these Societies to that sort of friction which polishes young people.

“These are the advantages, (say the higher classes at Geneva,) to be obtained in youth by these Societies: still later in life, other advantages are said to arise from them. When other engagements have succeeded—when other associations with new people demand a portion of the time, with what delight do they meet again those friends, who have been their companions from infancy!—their sentiments, their recollections, their interests, all, even to their ages, being conformed; because being nearly of the same standing in life, they grow old together without remarking the changes in each other.”

My reader will excuse my entering into this long detail, which I can assure him to be genuine, bearing within itself the evidences

of having been written in a foreign language; for in translating it from the original, my anxiety to adhere closely to this account, which was given me by a lady of distinction in Geneva, has led me, I see, to fall into several modes of expression which are not entirely English. Neither is it my object to condemn these associations as utterly useless, though wholly, I think, inapplicable to a religious state of society, from the single circumstance of assemblies which are not for the purpose of religion, having a regular recurrence on the Lord's day.

I have said that the two sisters married early: the one being the first of her class who entered into that state, which, with the Divine blessing, is the most happy condition of human life; and as much the contrary, when not attended with that blessing. The husband of Pauline was a man of large fortune, a merchant, and of one of the best families in the city. We shall call him Prevot; though we do not say that this was ac-



tually his name. As to the rest, he was a man of an ordinary character. On the other hand, Sophie had rather been influenced by a pleasing amiable character, and an agreeable exterior, in her acceptance of a partner for life, than by riches. Her husband was a younger son, of a small fortune, and actually engaged as a sort of inferior partner in the house of his brother-in-law, M. Prevot. Notwithstanding which, M. Roquenord was a gentleman both by birth and education, and a person to whom M. Levrat could not object, although he would have preferred a richer man.

When Madame Roquenord was married, her sister had already two daughters; and Madame Prevot having one day assembled at her house as many of the little association to which she had belonged ever since her sixth year as the changes attendant on this ever-varying scene would permit, the following conversation ensued. The place which they had selected for spending this

evening was in an open balcony of the house of Monsieur Levrat, overhanging the promenade of La Traille, (for Madame Prevot and her husband had lived with their father ever since their sister's marriage.)

This promenade is a terrace of most extraordinary beauty, commanding a smiling valley, which on one side is enclosed by the stony heights of the Saleves, and on the other by the long line of the Jura, seen as far as where these mountains terminate abruptly at the Pas l'Ecluse, leaving a deep rocky bed in the bottom for the escape of the Rhone into the valleys of France, between itself and the still bolder acclivities of the Oouache; thus together forming the western boundary of the valley, whilst the undulating range of the many hills, which bear the august appellation of the mountains of Zion, terminate the southern prospect.

Such were the scenes which lay extended before the young people collected in the balcony; and whilst they looked upon the hills

so dear to every native of their own sweet valley, their hearts began to glow towards each other ; and, whilst under these impressions, some of them recurred to days and seasons past, and others seemed more disposed to look to future times, and at length it was proposed that every one then present, (if ever it should so happen that those then single should marry and have daughters,) should consider herself as bound to associate them with those of her companions, so far as circumstances would possibly permit.

This proposal was unanimously admitted. though two mothers were then only present, viz. Madame Prevot and Madame St. Clare ; the first of whom had already two daughters, and the second one. And these two young ladies then resolved that, as soon as their children were of a proper age, this re-union in another generation should commence without loss of time.

“ You have the advantage of me, I confess,” said Madame Roquenord ; “ but not, I

trust, by so many years, but that a daughter of mine may be old enough to join the party at no remote distance of time after its establishment. And I have often thought what pride we mothers shall have, in decorating our children for their Sunday re-unions, and telling them how it was with us when the happy day arrived, on which we were first counted old enough to be introduced to the Sunday parties. At least," she added, gaily, "if I may speak for one, I never thought so much of myself as when my maid, having *dressed* me for my first introduction to the assembly, which was that evening at your mother's house, Madame St. Clare, gave me my gloves and fan, and bade me remember that I was no longer a baby, but a pretty mademoiselle, who was expected to sit still in her chair, and speak handsomely when addressed."

"And I remember more," said Madame Prevot; "viz. how we quarrelled when we came home, Sophie; and how La Bonne

threatened to put you in penitence because you maintained that you were as good, and wise, and discreet, as your elder sister."

"That may well be," replied Sophie, laughingly; "though I do not remember it, for my honours were then new, and all blushing rosy red upon my young brow; and we all know that wiser heads than mine have found it hard to carry themselves aright, when thus arrayed. But to leave my follies in oblivion, let it be remembered by all here present, that I sign the compact, and that my daughter is to have the privilege of membership in the proposed association."

"Be it so," said Madame St. Clare; and she called every young lady present to witness the agreement. After which, other subjects were discussed, and the evening terminated as gaily as it had commenced. Neither did the party disperse till the golden hues of the mountains had faded into the violet, and the violet had passed away into the pale, sad shades of parting twilight.

It is often well that we cannot look forward to the events of a year, a month, a day, or even an hour. What would Madame Roquenord have felt, could she have known that she was never again to meet on earth with many she had seen that evening; but so it was. M. Prevot had much intercourse with the city of London, and had an acting partner always in that place. A letter was received the next day, informing the Geneva house that the partner in London was dead: it was necessary not only that some responsible person should go over immediately to England, but also that that person should remain there. M. Prevot proposed the journey to his brother-in-law. M. Roquenord was willing to undertake it, but it could not be thought that he would separate himself from his wife, to whom he was tenderly attached; nor could Sophie hesitate for one moment between her country, however dear that country might be, and her husband. She therefore prepared herself for the jour-

ney, and within a very few days found herself on the road to Paris ; arriving in England within the fortnight of her leaving Geneva. What her thoughts and feelings were on finding herself in a strange land, (for she had hardly felt France to be quite a strange land, inasmuch as she still heard her own language spoken,) I cannot pretend to say ; yet it appears that after awhile she became not only reconciled to England, but so fond of it, that she would often say, " Could I but see anything like a hill, and would the sun but shine as frequently as it does in my own sweet land, I think that I could bring my mind to spend the rest of my days in this new country." But Sophie had a father in Switzerland, and although M. de Levrat had been too much occupied by business to give much time to his daughters, yet it is painful to think that an aged father may descend into the grave, and his child may see him no more. This was, however, to be the case with Sophie : M. de Levrat died sud-

denly, soon after his daughter's arrival in England, thus snapping her strongest tie to her native land.

The business of M. Roquenord lay in London, but he procured a house for his wife in one of the neat and elegant villages in its vicinity; and there he dined and slept, returning every day, after breakfast, to his counting-house.

Sophie had never been entirely dependent on society; yet, at first, she found the hours hang heavy when left by her husband. It was winter—the days were short and gloomy. It is common for people to be wholly unacquainted with their next-door neighbours in the neighbourhood of London; but Sophie was peculiarly situated as it regarded hers. She was living in the skirts of a village, and the house she occupied formed one building with another, the gardens being only divided by a slight iron railing, insomuch so, that when she stood at the window of her dressing-room, where she generally spent the

morning, she could see the family walking in the garden, and could even hear their voices. This family consisted of a gentleman and a lady, with two little girls, the youngest of whom could just trot along the gravel walks, when held by the hands of her elders. She might be nearly two years old, the other might be four. There was an old grandmother also, who used to come out on a sunny day with one or other of the family ; and there seemed to be old servants too, who belonged to the household ; and an old dog, with other appendages which spoke of a family in its own country—all of which were interesting in the eyes of Sophie, who, as we said before, in the absence of her husband, was condemned to many lonely and melancholy hours ; for she had not yet been taught to seek that exhaustless source of real comfort, which as a fountain insinuating its course through the rocky fissures of a snowy mountain, and bursting forth in the valleys below, becomes even more abundant when the plains are

parched with the draughts of summer—even that comfort which is eternal as the mountains and rich as the treasures of the snow. And here another remark might be added, tending to magnify the power of the Redeemer, viz. that as the consolations of the world depend on its visible presence, those of religion are independent of all external circumstances; for, as says the Prophet, (Habakkuk iii. 17,) “Although the fig-tree shall not blossom, neither shall fruit be in the vine; the labour of the olive shall fail, and the fields shall yield no meat; the flocks shall be cut off from the fold, and there shall be no herd in the stalls: yet will I rejoice in the Lord, I will joy in the God of my salvation.”

The business of the house, and of the affairs which had been left in perplexity by the deceased partner, in the meantime pressed more and more on M. Roquenord; his absences in consequence were longer and longer, and when he was at home he was necessarily more abstracted. His Sundays, which had



formerly been devoted to his wife, were also given to his books, though in private, and at his country-house ; and thus poor Madam Roquenord was condemned to an almost perpetual solitude ; and in consequence, through the divine blessing, she was driven to reflection, and by reflection brought to consider many subjects which had never occupied her seriously before. It was then that the hours of infancy recurred to her memory, and the little habitation of Janet Keller in the Pré l'Eveque, with all those simple exercises of religion to which she had then been accustomed. Some few broken passages of the holy songs which she had then learnt recurred to her mind, and among these, one especially which spoke of the Lord as the Father of the fatherless. I have not the passage, it was taken from an exceedingly old and scarce collection of sacred songs—I therefore cannot give it ; but whilst singing this verse again and again, as she sate alone, her hands being occupied with her pencil, she much la-

mented that she could recollect no more of the hymn ; and having no other book by her on the subject of religion, she turned to the copy before mentioned of the Geneva catechism, which she had studied before confirmation, and which by accident had found itself in one of her trunks.

The first part of this little volume afforded some interesting instruction to Madame Roquenord, who had actually forgotten the outline which it gives of sacred history ; and having never studied that history in the Bible itself, she was entirely in the dark respecting it ; but when arrived at the doctrinal parts of the catechism, her progress seemed to be at a stand, and the very first answer of the third section confounded her beyond measure. It was this : “ We acknowledge as divine the Jewish religion and the Christian.” Then, thought Sophie, there are two true religions, and if both are divine, I might choose either one or the other. But I was baptized into the Christian religion—I

live in a Christian country—all things being considered, I will then choose to be a Christian.

It would have been well had a pious friend been present to have told Sophie that there is but one faith, and that this faith is the same which has been acknowledged by all the holy men of God, from the time of righteous Abel until the present day, of which the object is the divine Trinity in unity, and the end the redemption of the chosen seed, according to the everlasting counsels of the Godhead.

But Madame Roquenord having judged that it would be more convenient and proper for her to be a Christian rather than a Jew, proceeded with much self-gratulation to perfect herself in the character she had thus wisely chosen; and in consequence went on to the next question, which seemed to come in most naturally, viz. "In what consists the Christian religion."

Madame Roquenord did not want sense or ingenuity, neither were her powers of rea-

soning so weak as those of women are generally supposed to be ; therefore, upon comparing one part of the catechism with another, she formed to herself, with an accuracy which did credit to the clearness of her head, as perfect a creed as her authorized instructor, viz. the catechism of her church, that is, the national church of Geneva, could supply : of which the unity of God—the right of Christ to be called the only Son of God on account of his miraculous birth—the excellence of his nature, and his intimate union with God—the help which God gives to the believer to perform good works—the remission of sins through faith in Jesus Christ—repentance, and leading a better life, formed the most important articles. Although Madame Roquenord was certainly much puzzled respecting two assertions made in different portions of the catechism ; first, that the sins of the believer are to be pardoned through faith and repentance ; and, again, that in the day of judgment every man will

be judged according to his works; these things appeared, in some degree, irreconcilable to her, yet, "all things considered, I must change my life," she said; "I must abstain from evil, do good, and watch without ceasing over my conduct, for I know not the hour of my death, nor that of judgment." Being arrived at this point, she set herself to work out her own salvation by a severity and strictness of life, which, like a cord of hemp, she pulled tighter and more tight every day, hoping to find that peace by these observances, which she remembered, though imperfectly, on the countenance of Janet Keller; and it was when having tried to establish her own merits for several months, without finding what she sought, that she was one morning surprised by a visit from her neighbours, the gentleman coming forward and addressing her with much kindness, and apologizing for not having called before, by a simple statement of the truth, viz. that in a place so large as London, or even in the

neighbourhood of London, it was never safe to form hasty acquaintance with persons even of the most respectable appearance.

Madame Roquenord acknowledged the truth of this, and her visitors then proceeded to say, that having been accidentally (or rather providentially, as might be hoped) made acquainted with the history and circumstances of their neighbour, they were come to offer the solace of their friendship to her who was a stranger in a foreign land; and then the gentleman proceeded to state to his new acquaintance the circumstances of his own family: his name, he said, was Seymour, he was a clergyman; the only son of a widowed mother, who resided with him, possessing a moderate fortune, but from a weakness of voice unable to undertake the regular service of a church, yet ready to help a brother in the occasional duties of the sacred profession; married to the lady of his choice, and blessed with two little girls, fond of domestic life, but having no objection

to open his doors to one who would come and be as a member of the family.

This was exactly what Sophie wanted, and the acquaintance which commenced first, then presently advanced into confidence, and shortly afterwards ripened into friendship. Not that friendship, indeed, as called for the world, but that immortal union of souls which is known only by the children of the King of kings, for Mr. Severus was a Christian in the most decided sense of the expression; the law of his God, and the revealed word, was his rule of faith: and it was enough for him if the Scriptures said it, to receive any doctrine, however apparently uncongenial to the natural man.

From that day, which was the beginning of spring, that season in which the delicate plants of a northern region begin to unfold themselves on the sunny banks, half timidly concealing their blossoms within their leaves, as if afraid of the lingering frost, that the prospects of Madame Roquemore commenced

also to wear a more sunny aspect; for her husband's countenance began to assume an appearance of less care, and the delightful society of her new acquaintance, under whose roof she spent several hours each morning, added much to her happiness. She had her chair, and table, and especial corner in the drawing-room of her friends, and there she heard and saw all that passed, was present when Lucy, Mr. Seymour's eldest daughter, received her lessons; and when the father endeavoured to lead the mind of his little girl in the way of holiness; when he conversed with his wise and venerable mother, or read to his assembled family; and it was there that she first became acquainted with the Bible.

It is too much the error of religious persons to despise elegant literature and science—the one being valuable from the insight it gives to the work of God in the mind of man, the other to the work of God in the material world—a sort of prepossession which

gives a coarseness of manner and poverty of ideas even to the best of persons, and renders it difficult for the children of God to keep up a frequent intercourse with their fellow-creatures, without falling into that sort of conversation which at best is unfruitful, and never agreeable, viz. the gossip supplied by the events and circumstances which take place in the little circle in which they reside; and although such persons no doubt make it their endeavour to bring the circumstances they speak of in this manner to the test of truth, condemning only that which is displeasing in the sight of God, and speaking well only of that which is agreeable in the eyes of their heavenly Father, yet I believe that in all cases where conversation is confined to a narrow circle, it is apt to sink into personal censure, and into the condemnation of habits and actions which are not exactly our own. It is often pleaded that in this life there is no time for any speculations which do not directly belong to the eternal

interests of the soul, or to the needful support of the body. But why then has the Almighty spread before his creatures such an infinite variety of objects for supplying intellectual feasts? Why are our fields and mountains so richly diversified with buds and flowers of every hue? why is nature so exquisitely beautiful, and why are her laws so skilfully arranged, but for an exercise of our faculties? why are the reed and string so formed as to produce the most ravishing sounds? why are the air and water filled with creatures so wonderfully constructed? and finally, wherefore are the minds of some individuals so conformed, as to enable them to take of these materials thus provided by nature, and to form with them that which would appear almost like a new creation?—if these are not given for the solace and delight of the children of God in their passage to that state of being in which all the divine works of the Almighty in this lower world will be developed, and will then appear in a

state of glory indescribable. Is the progress of the traveller impeded by the ardour with which he admires the beauties which present themselves in his course? Or do we ascend the mountains of the land of our fathers, those almost unparalleled exhibitions of the divine power, the more slowly, or with the less ardour, because we taste and feel their wonders more decidedly than the dull plodder by our side, who sees nothing on the hoary Alpine heights but the stones that strike against his foot? No—let it no longer be questioned but that there may be piety in the enjoyment of the works of God, as displayed not only in the natural, but the intellectual world; and this was a sentiment of Mr. Seymour's, and a sentiment which gave a charm to his conversation, which was felt not only by Madame Roquenord, but by her husband, long before they could appreciate the value of his character in reference to his clear views of Scripture, and strength and sincerity of his faith; for Mr. Seymour took

some time to obtain the confidence of Madame Roquenord, before he ventured to press her closely respecting her ideas of religion, which he truly judged to be entirely false. But at length finding such an opportunity as he desired, when she was complaining of some failures in her laborious course of self-imposed duties, and the backwardness of her heart in the services of God, he surprised her by the sudden question, "And how, madame, should you expect it to be otherwise with you?"

"Why, my good friend," replied Madame Roquenord, "have I not laboured for weeks past in the execution of my duties according to the advice given in the twenty-third section of the catechism of the church of my native country, in hopes to obtain what is there promised, namely, 'the perfection of the faculties of my mind and body—the enjoyment of a pleasing sense of existence—the removal of ennui—a deliverance from evil thoughts, and the advancement of the health of my soul?"

And what have I obtained but an increase of doubt, weary and painful feelings, and such an augmentation of weariness, that to let you into a secret, I am so tired of my own company that——”

And here she hesitated, and Mr. Seymour taking her up, added, “That of the two evils you prefer our society to the solitude of your own house.”

“Pardon me, sir,” said Madame Roqueford; “but I might have said with more truth, that I prefer the company of my maid to being left to myself, and am glad of any excuse to leave my laborious duties unfinished; yet you, who are a religious man, ask me how I should expect it to be otherwise.”

“Because,” replied Mr. Seymour, “I never yet understood how a sick man could be cured by feeding and administering to his diseases; or how a fire is to be put out by adding fuel to the flame.”

“You speak enigmas, sir,” said Sophie.

"I ask," returned Mr. Seymour, "whether you are sick or well—I speak with reference to your soul?"

"Sick," replied Sophie; "sick and sad, and tired of myself; full of vain thoughts, knowing that my soul ought to be cared for, and feeling it to be an intolerable burthen to perform those duties whereby it must be saved."

"What may these be?" asked Mr. Seymour.

"Good works," replied Madame Roquembourg.

"Come, come," said Mr. Seymour, "let us leave all this, believing that you are so far instructed in human affairs, dear madam, as to know that all attempts which man has ever made to work for himself a perfect righteousness from the beginning of time to the present day have utterly failed. We will now proceed to something better and more satisfactory;"—and the worthy gentleman then went on to open out the whole outline of

salvation by Christ our Lord, not as stated in too many of our national churches and assemblies of nominal Christians, wherein salvation is represented as a sort of patch-work garment, composed of the rags and shreds of man's righteousness, helped out by the merits of Christ, to be put on or off at the pleasure of the creature; but as a robe of righteousness, complete in glory and beauty, without spot or stain, provided for the elect through the death and obedience of the Son, before the foundation of the world, according to the will of the Father, "for God so loved the world that he gave his only begotten Son, that whosoever believeth in him should not perish, but have everlasting life." (John iii. 16.)

Such were the leading doctrines taught by Mr. Seymour to Madame Roquenord, though in a form far more amplified than I have given them; for feeling that I am not yet arrived at the history of the real heroine of my little story, I am not inclined to enlarge in this place,

and yet it is necessary that I should proceed one step further in describing the Christian progress of Madame Roquenord. This lady being delivered from the deadly heresy so natural to man, and so prevalent in every clime and region of the earth, through every form of false and idolatrous worship, the next error into which she fell was that of doubt respecting the application of the promises to her own state. She saw indeed the fulness and the freeness of salvation, as it respected the children of God throughout the whole earth, yet still she could not apply the promises to herself; and why, forsooth?—because she was not worthy.

“Still looking at self,” said Mr. Seymour, “instead of to the Saviour; and he pointed out to her the history of the brazen serpent in Leviticus, asking her what she should have thought of any individual among the congregations of Israel who had refused to have looked at the brazen serpent?”

“Either,” she replied, “that he did not

find the need of healing, or doubted the power of God to heal through the serpent."

"You are not, my dear lady," replied Mr. Seymour, "amongst those who doubt their need of the physician. Am I then to suppose that you are among those who doubt his power? Do you look on Christ our Lord as the Redeemer of the church, or as the helper and assistant only?"

"As the Redeemer," she replied, "in the fullest sense of the word."

"Was it reason that revealed this mystery to you?" asked Mr. Seymour.

"No," replied Sophie, "these things are above reason."

"This mystery," returned Mr. Seymour, "is revealed to the redeemed, not by man's reason, or by historic evidence, which is merely human, but by God the Father, and it is revealed only to the redeemed. This knowledge is the white stone, on which a name is written, known only to the forty and four thousand, and this knowledge is the surety

from on high, not that you will be saved, but that you are saved, that you are a child of God—a member of the church which is above—a citizen of Zion—a branch of the tree of life—a jewel in the crown of the King of kings. And whereas, before you saw the Redeemer, your cry might well be, ‘Lord, save me, I perish,’ your song must now be thanksgiving for redemption finished; and henceforward having been received into your Father’s family, it behoves you to look to God the Spirit for sanctification, for justification comes first, and sanctification follows; but you have looked first for sanctification; and experiencing it not because you wanted faith, your doubts prevailed, and you counted yourself ready to perish.”

In this manner Madame Roquenord was led on step by step from the darkness of a state of spiritual death, into the full, bright, cheering light of the gospel day. Nor was it possible for her in such a state of mind not to have the most ardent aspirations after

the spiritual health of her husband. She was not, however, long left in anxiety respecting him, for he was presently brought to receive the truth, and then indeed was the little society formed by the two families, blessed in all its members, having as it were but one heart, and meeting together daily, like the Christians in the primitive church, to unite in prayer, and praise, and instructive conversations, whilst the little ones of the family were as it were the common property and delight of both households, being always consigned to the care of Madame Roquenord, when Mr. and Mrs. Seymour were unable to attend to them. It was at this time that Madame Roquenord was made happy in the birth of a little girl, who was named Sophie after her mother. The parents of the younger Sophie had been married two years before they were blessed in having a child. The time had been in which they had murmured at the delay of their wishes in this respect; they now acknowledged the goodness of God

it—my own fair native city, once the seat of holy men, who were as burning and shining lights to an infidel world, when will scenes like these take place within thee; when will those re-unions of thy infant daughters, which ancient custom has established, be converted, by believing parents, to the purposes of holiness instead of those of vanity and folly, and worse than folly, of dissipation, and the profanation of the day of the Lord!" and she lifted up her eyes, glistening with tears, and beaming with holy love and pity for her beloved native land, in ardent prayer for a fresh pouring forth of heavenly truth on the apostate city of her fathers.

Do prayers like these ascend unheard to the throne of Him by whom they were inspired; have the children of this fairest of earthly cities been led to pray for it in vain? What does experience say? Although the lamp of divine truth which was set in its towers through the instrumentality of the re-

formers in ages gone by, at the hazard of fame, of peace, nay, of life itself, has been obscured, nay, wholly darkened by the fogs of infidelity arising from the dark atmospheres of Clarence and Ferney—though the flame has smouldered down in the socket, and the enemy has rejoiced in its total extinction, yet has it not blazed forth again, and will it not continue to pour light on the paths of many who some time walked in darkness, till the fogs of infidelity shall roll away, as the smoke of a furnace at the coming of the Holy One, flashing as lightning from the east unto the far distant west?

And now, having introduced our little Sophie to our readers, and described the happy auspices, to use a somewhat heathen expression, with which she entered this troublesome world, I shall henceforth be obliged to confine myself to her own more especial history, the documents from which I derive the account of her parents from this time becoming very much more scanty ; neither is much recorded

respecting the early years of little Sophie, from which it is presumed that the period which passed from her first to her tenth year, at which time many changes took place which greatly affected the life of the little girl, was one of those calm and peaceful seasons sometimes vouchsafed to the children of God, which leave no records behind them to fill the pages of the writer; for when one day follows another in the quiet interchange of holy services and ordinary duties, what can be said but that God is infinitely kind in withholding the rough winds so long from the frail tenements which shelter our feeble frames? But the infant years of the younger Sophie were not only calm, but sunny—not only peaceful, but actually happy—for months passed after month in which this little girl experienced only a succession of mercies, descending like showers on a field which the Lord has blessed; the little darling of two pious families, she passed only from one house to another to obtain confirmation in the



ways of holiness, and repeated tokens of the tenderest affection.

Every morning when she arose, she was accustomed to hasten, after having received the blessing of her parents, to demand the same from the elders in the adjoining house ; every day she accompanied Lucy and Emily, when their morning lessons were concluded, to prayers, either in their own room if the weather were cold or damp, or in the arbour at the bottom of the garden if the season were more propitious. Sometimes Lucy and sometimes Emily led the prayer, and they always addressed their God as children address an honoured parent, not as questioning that they were among the redeemed, or that their salvation was doubtful, or that their sins would ever rise against them in judgment; but possessing that entire and perfect confidence which children feel towards a tender father, being each of them, as it regarded her God, “not as a stranger or a friend, but as a child at home,” yet knowing

at the same time that a child, however loved, might still displease; and they well knew what those things were which were not pleasing in the eyes of God, therefore when any one of them had done wrong, there was no rest or peace to their souls till they had confessed their offences, and prayed for help to enable them to forsake their evil ways. It was a common cause, and a common cause of humiliation, when any one had thus offended; and it was most gratifying to their pious parents to be assured that the offence of one only would bring all together on their knees, though these things were never spoken of in the family, for Mr. Seymour loved better that religion which quietly influences the tenor of the believer's life, than that which spends itself in words; also, by a sort of tacit agreement, it was understood that little Sophie was to spend every Sunday afternoon, from dinner to tea, with her beloved young companions, and in consequence, at that period she was always seen

going to the place where she expected to find her friends, with her Bible and hymn-book in her hand, and was never seen again till tea-time, when both families always met to finish the evening together in the exercises of their religion. These were their sweetest hours when thus enjoying that communion, which the children of God only know. Nevertheless, this little family had other pleasures, over which the remembrance of their religious hours shed a sort of inferior joy. They had their walks in the fields, and sittings in an open carriage to greater distances, their visits together to the assemblies of their fellow-christians in the places of public worship, their calls on the cottages of the poor, and their little re-unions for working and reading: in short, they were very happy, and if sometimes the thought would intrude that such happiness could not be expected to be of very long duration, the assurance that it could be troubled only for a short time, set all things right again.



I have remarked before that we have least to say of those portions of our past lives, in which we have enjoyed most happiness, as the most successful journey is that in which the traveller meets with the fewest adventures. I therefore have very little to add of the nine blessed years which Madame Roquenord spent in England ; but if I have little to say of this pleasant period, I have less inclination to dwell upon the events which took place during the tenth year of her remaining there, at which period M. Roquenord, who had been ripening fast for glory, as Mr. Seymour afterwards remarked, for some years past, was suddenly cut off by a fever, at the very time in which his wife had anticipated a very different dispensation ; for she had herself inherited a remarkably tender constitution from her mother, and had always felt persuaded that her husband would survive her, and that, she trusted, for many years.

To be thus suddenly deprived of a husband, in whom she delighted, was a blow she

had not expected, and Mr. Seymour was pained to see the violent effect it had upon her health; for although she struggled hard with her feelings, and struggled in a strength above her own, it soon became evident that the divine decree which had deprived her of the best of husbands, had fixed also an arrow in her breast which never would be removed; for although the spirit is willing the flesh is weak: and indeed it was no doubt in love, even that love divine which arranges all things for the good of the believer, that Madame Roquenord was not permitted to recover the blow which had laid her prostrate, for it became very evident to her friends that it would not be possible for her long to survive her husband, as it appeared soon after his funeral that, whether from grief or from a cold caught in attendance upon him, her chest, which had always been delicate, was considerably affected; and as it was supposed that the winters in England were too long and too cold for her, her physician urged her

strongly to accept an invitation from her sister, which reached her in reply to the letter carrying the account of the death of M. Roquenord, to repair immediately to Geneva.

I shall not enter into any very particular enumeration of the various reasons which (after many discussions with Mr. Seymour) at length induced the widow to separate herself and her child from the friends who had endeared themselves to her by a long course of unvaried kindness, and from the beloved young people who were as daughters to her, and sisters, more than sisters, to her little girl. Scenes of this kind are painful merely in description, and in real life frequently so terrible, that we can hardly understand how they can be endured without the consolation of religious hope; I shall not therefore dwell upon them. Suffice it to say, that Mr. Seymour accompanied Madame Roquenord to Boulogne, where having seen her and her dear child in the hands of a careful *voiturin*, he returned to his home, where he doubted

not but that his family would require the comfort of his presence; and here we must part from this excellent family, to follow our lonely widow in her long sad journey, which, although made as slowly as she conveniently could, was not to be prudently delayed, on account of the approach of winter, for it was already September, when, after leaving Dijon, the mountains of Jura first met her eyes.

It was during this journey that Madame Roquenord, who from great weakness was often obliged to recline on one of the seats of the carriage, whilst her daughter sate opposite to her, found a consolation far greater than she had expected in the society of that dear child. It often happens that in a company consisting of several persons forming one family, the character of a single child does not develope itself. Sophie had been so constantly associated with her two young friends, and they had so constantly appeared together, and partaken so intimately in each other's griefs and joys, that the finer lights

and shades of each individual character had hardly been understood by Madame Roquenord ; but now it was in the time of trial that the Christian excellencies of little Sophie first developed themselves to her mother. Young as she was, she seemed thoroughly to understand her mother's trials, and it was touching in the extreme to observe the efforts she made to overcome her own feelings (which were no doubt sufficiently wretched) to amuse and comfort her afflicted parent. With this view she tried to talk and to smile, though the tears were often in her eyes, to affect to be pleased and amused with all she saw, to find no inconveniences whatever in the sordid inns where they were obliged to put up, and to talk of the pleasure she should have in seeing her cousins. And then her attentions, how unremitting, how constant they were ! it is impossible to say how precious they rendered her in the sight of her mother, and yet how painful it was to that tender parent to see that young and

gentle creature struggling thus vehemently and thus triumphantly against feelings which at times, when circumstances rendered them more lively than usual, seemed almost to suffocate her.

Madame Roquenord never doubted but that it was faith that strengthened the mind of her child, faith which is the evidence of things not seen, and which brought with it the assurance that all would be well yet—that all was well already; yet she had hitherto not been aware of the strength of her daughter's faith, nor felt how very much, under the Divine blessing, she had owed to those lovely little girls with whom Sophie had been associated from infancy, and it is not easily to be described how this discovery augmented her sense of gratitude to that divine Providence which had prepared such friends and guides for her little girl; but being thrown so much on the society of her child, and observing so much of her noble principles and conduct, the poor widow seemed as it were to forget

her very tender age, and in consequence, as she proceeded on her journey, she accustomed herself to converse more and more openly with her, to state her feelings more fully to her, and to apply to her for consolation as she would to a friend of her own age. It was pitiable to observe how, on these occasions, the little girl exerted herself, and, as it were, forced her intellects, in order to administer to the exigencies of her mother's situation, to be a companion, a friend, and an humble adviser; and wonderful also to see how she was assisted in so doing no doubt by a power above her own. But the cares which at that time, and afterwards, devolved upon her, were by no means conducive to her health; every hour of sorrow and anxiety deducted more and more from the bloom of youth, and one would hardly have recognised in the little pale child in deep mourning, seated in the voiture opposite to her beloved mother, the happy, merry, and playful companion of Lucy and Emily Seymour.

Madame Roquenord had languished during the whole journey, feeling always an increase of weakness, which she naturally attributed to fatigue; but it is thought that she might have reached Geneva in a state admitting of some hope, if an unfortunate circumstance had not occurred on the last day but one of her journey. Having had a late breakfast at Champagnole, on the western side of the Jura, they had proceeded on their journey, always ascending the mountain; there was a heavy rain falling, causing the mountain torrents to overrun their channels, and in many places almost to flood the roads; deep dark clouds hung on the forests of pine on the right and the left, sometimes wholly concealing the craggy heights above, and sometimes rolling beneath them on the summits of the pine. The air was also extremely chilly, but Madame Roquenord had caused all the windows of the carriage to be closed, and being wrapped in her furred cloak, was congratulating herself in the idea

that she might pass this barrier of mist without injury, when suddenly the carriage came to a stand, and voices arose from without, as if in violent altercation.

Madame Roquenord started up from her recumbent posture, and looked out, and now for the first time perceived what the mist had hid from her before, viz. that the carriage had arrived at a most terrific height, the road forming a gallery around a promontory jutting from a higher part of the mountain over a horrible precipice, the depth of the dell beneath being in some degree concealed by the mist. But what rendered their situation really dangerous—for otherwise the danger would only have been imaginary—was, that in this giddy height and narrow ledge they had met another carriage, which had not been seen by reason of the mist till the horses' heads almost touched each other, nor heard, although the horses of each carriage carried bells, because of the whistling of the wind among the pines.

Madame, in her alarm for herself and her child, never thought what was to be done, or how the carriages were to pass ; but entreating to be set at liberty, notwithstanding wind and rain, and the overflowings of the mountain streams deluging the road at every hundred yards, she got out and walked on with her daughter for nearly an English mile, and when the carriage overtook them they were both drenched to the skin.

When arrived at St. Laurent, a miserable dirty inn in the mountains, they contrived however to get a fire and procure dry clothes ; and Madame Roquenord, when she found herself in a warm bed, with her little girl by her side, hoped that they had both escaped the effects of the accident ; although when she awoke, after a heavy sleep of two hours, she was painfully convinced to the contrary. For although the little girl was sleeping sweetly by her side, she was herself in a burning heat, and suffering from a sense of suffocation, such as she had never expe

rienced before. Her first feeling was that of gratitude to her heavenly Father, that she was so near home; and finding herself better in the morning, she was able to look about her with more pleasure than she could have expected.

The sun shone bright, for the clouds of the day before had rolled away from the summits of the hills, although as the morning advanced the mist arose from the channel of Le Bref de la Chaille, which was at the bottom of a rocky defile, commanded by the road for several leagues. This mist formed beautiful transparent wreathes of a snowy whiteness, encircling the dark granite rocks, till rising into the higher regions of the air, it mingled with the purer ether, and was lost.

In passing through Morez, the pinnacles and copings of tin sparkling gaily in the sunbeams, and the air of thriving industry in this little town of many streams, seemed to impart some degree of cheerfulness to the

mind of the widow. Hence, as they slowly ascended the heights beyond the bridge of Morez, she began to open a conversation with her little girl, which occupied them till they reached la Vattay, which is the highest summit of the pass.

“ My child,” said Madame Roquenord, “ to-day I trust that we shall reach the native city of your parents, and that you will see your relations there. But you must not expect to find in them such persons as you left behind. Do not weep, my child ; it is not now the time to give way to sorrow, to look back on past joys, or on the former sunny days of our earthly pilgrimage, now hid from us by the clouds of natural sorrow ; but let us look forward, first to the glorious promises of future happiness already secured as to their fulfilment, by the earnest we have received from Him whose word is truth, in the conversion of our souls ; and secondly, to that which may be required of us in our passage to this glorious state, in which our

union with the Redeemer will be complete." She then proceeded to state to her little girl, that she feared that she would not find true piety among their relations and associates in Geneva ; that she would be exposed to many new trials and temptations from her young companions ; and that probably she might suffer from unkindness when it was found that she would not yield her opinion to theirs.

"But, mama," replied Sophie, "cannot I be with you ; I am happy with you, dear mama—I have been so happy with you during this journey. You alone remain to me of all—all,"—and she would have said, of all the friends of my youth, and I am content near to you ; but she could add no more, and as she spoke, she dropped her fair head, like a bud o'ercharged with dew, on the breast of her only parent.

It was at this moment that it occurred to Madame Roquenord, that she ought to prepare her child for even her probable separation from this, the last friend of her infancy ;

but when she would have suggested this idea, the words died on her lips, and she contented herself with pointing out to her that as long as we rely only on earthly friends, we rest our hands on reeds, which breaking, pierce them to the quick. "Life is uncertain, Sophie," she added, "and the removal of one earthly prop after another, should admonish us that we ought to rest our hopes on the rock which abides for ever."

"I know it, mama, I know it," replied Sophie, looking up with tearful eyes to her mother; "but parents are given by God to take care of children when they are very young."

"Yet sometimes, as in my case, a mother is taken away before her child has learnt to lisp her name," replied Madame Roquenord.

"Have you any particular meaning in what you say, mama?" asked Sophie, becoming unusually pale.

"If I have, would it shock you too much, my child?" replied Madame Roquenord.

Sophie made no answer, but heaved a long deep sigh.

Her mother placed her hand on hers, and looked earnestly in her face; the little girl again drew a long deep breath, and for a moment her mother feared that she would have fainted, for she looked so very pale; but the colour presently returned to her lips and to her cheeks, flushing her whole face, and she spoke again, though as with a violent effort.

“Please, dear mama, do not say any more upon this subject now. I know that all God does is right; but I cannot bear to think of some things. May we not be quite sure that our Lord will manage every thing for us?”

“We may, my child, my beloved one,” answered the mother; “because he has promised that He will order and arrange every thing for his children. Why then should we be anxious? Should I not have remembered that, when deprived of my mother, I never wanted any attention which the tenderest

mother could have bestowed upon me; and," she added, lifting up her eyes in an act of thanksgiving, "Lord, I believe, help thou mine unbelief."

"Mama," said Sophie, rousing herself as if with a sudden pleasing thought, "I will now show you some verses which dear Lucy and Emily wrote in a little book for me, which I was to read when I was unhappy." And she immediately produced a little volume, in which these sweet children had written many precious promises indicative of the divine care of the Almighty, for those who have been brought to confide in Him; these quotations from Scripture being interspersed with portions of hymns, and, as it were, emblazoned by the pencils of the lovely young compilers, with many little emblematic ornaments adapted to the various subjects.

These sweet promises, as read over by little Sophie, sounded in the ears of Madame Roquenord as the rush of waters in the thirsty desert; the peace which was thus,

by the Divine blessing upon the ministry of the child, imparted to her soul, presently exhibited itself in her countenance; and the remainder of their drive as far as Lavatay, was so sweet both to the mother and the daughter, that it would have seemed as if they had left all their sorrows behind them.

Lavatay is situated immediately under the Dole, which summit was formerly accounted the highest point of the Jura, being 4,017 French feet above the level of the lake of Geneva. Lavatay is a little solitary inn, picturesque as to its exterior, the house being white and having green shutters; but being most bare of all accommodations, and even of the unexpensive recommendation of cleanliness. It is situated in the centre of an immense forest of pine, through which the road extends, even to the descent of the Jura towards Geneva. Madame Roquenord and her daughter procured some small refreshment at this place, and not being strong enough to proceed on foot to where the des-



cent to Geneva commences, they waited until the horses were refreshed, being seated on the trunk of a pine which had been felled about a stone's throw from the inn.

Every event of that day fixed itself so indelibly in the memory of Sophie, that even the most minute circumstances which took place afforded subject of reflection to her in after time. Why was it so? Who amongst my readers is sufficiently acquainted with the qualities of the human mind, as to be able to account for the strong hold on the recollection which some small circumstances seem to take; whilst others of greatly more importance entirely pass away. Sophie could afterwards have recorded almost every word her mother had said as she sat on that tree, and could almost have remembered every motion of two goats, who were browsing on the other side of the road.

Janet Keller afforded the subject of their discourse. Madame Roquenord said that she hoped she still lived, as she had not

heard of her death, and as she was not more than sixty years of age. "I have an idea," she added, "that she is a truly pious woman, but I may perhaps be mistaken; she may not have the light I think she has, but I owe her a filial affection. I feel that I have performed my duty towards her very imperfectly; and, indeed, what duty have I ever performed, without many imperfections? But you will remember, Sophie, that I have told you how kind she was to me, when I was a helpless babe; and I shall be able presently, I trust, to show you the hills among which she dwells."

When the horses were refreshed Madame Roquenord and her daughter got into the carriage to renew their journey, and passing along the terrace from Lavatay, about a league, they arrived at the point where the road parts, going in one direction towards St. Claude, and in the other to Geneva. This village is just in the very gorge of the pass; and, as it were, a new and astonishing world opens to

the traveller as he advances along the rural street. The descent from this place to Geneva is so precipitous, that it can only be effected by a wheel carriage, by various turnings and windings under the rocks, by which the descent is rendered gradual ; but there is nothing whatever to intercept the view, as in too many mountain scenes ; all is clear and open from this lofty point, which is about three thousand feet above the level of the valley, to the sparkling heights of the mountains of Chaumoney at nearly twenty-five leagues distant ; in the centre of a range, of which at least three hundred miles is visible, rises Mont Blanc, of which the snowy pyramids are exalted above all the neighbouring heights, whilst the form of the earth, and the greater distance of the other mountains to the right and left of this central one, seems to depress them to the eye more than their real heights might actually seem to allow of.

Madame Roquenord proceeded in the

carriage to the very brow of the descent, there causing the voiturin to stop, she got out with her daughter; the alarm she had received the day before making her unwilling to encounter the dreadful galleries she had to pass in her carriage. Being on foot, she stood awhile observing the astonishment of her little girl, in looking upon the snowy mountains, seen there for the first time by the traveller from the west. When these mountains first appeared, as it were, in a line with the eye of Sophie, being flanked on the right by a grove of dark pine, and on the left by a huge rock, the child had supposed them to be clouds of a dazzling white—for the day was particularly clear, and the whole range was visible, or at least the most important parts of them, in all their rude and sublime variety, tumbled one upon another in forms so wild, so fantastic, so grotesque, so awfully vast, so beyond what imagination could conceive, that the little girl stood fixed,

and for a moment unable to believe that these were actually mountains, and not merely clouds which she beheld. "It cannot be, mama," at length she said, "and yet it is; I see the lights and shades, the dazzling light of the sides where the sun is shining on the snow, and the deep shade of the valleys, where the sun has not yet come, and that lofty peak—what is that, mama?"

"Mont Blanc itself," replied Madame Roquenord, "which is 14,795 feet above the valley of Chamouney, and the other heights in the range were once all known to me by name. These are the hills I used to look upon from my little chamber in my father's house in La Traille; they are to me as old, very old friends, yet I see them now as with new eyes, Sophie; they speak to me of other things than what they used to do. I only marvel how I could ever have looked at wonders such as these, and not felt my soul drawn up in solemn acts of adoration to Him who made them; but, come on, my

child, another minute, and the city of your fathers will be revealed to you." The hand of Madame Roquenord trembled as she took that of Sophie; nor did it tremble only, it burnt from the effect of that fever which had already seized her vitals, but to which the strong excitement of her feelings in seeing again her native hills, and in seeing them under such circumstances, had led her to be wholly inattentive; for although she felt herself to be very unwell, yet she attributed so much of the symptoms she did not quite understand, to fatigue and agitation, that she was totally unapprehensive of her real situation.

Mother and daughter being thus hand in hand, began to descend the pass, and turning round the base of a circular rock, which arose precipitously for some hundreds of feet above their heads, the whole valley of Geneva, from the Jura to the Salaves, with a long reach of the neighbouring country of Savoy, burst upon their view.

They were, as I before said, some thousands of feet above the level of the plain, on which, as on a map, every road, campaign, or grove, or little farm, or field, or copse, or tower, or steeple, was traced as accurately as with a pencil. Beyond which extended the lake, as it were, stretching itself towards the north till concealed by the mountain, and having the city of Geneva, which appeared clearly in the distance, close where the Lake empties itself into the Rhone. Beyond it, and apparently on its very edge, arose the two Salaves; and, as it were, lifted into the very clouds above the Salaves, again appeared the snowy ridge. Here Madame Roquenord stood still, and looking at her child—"There Sophie," she said, "in that fair valley I first drew my breath. I feel, indeed, that I must give it up; yet, perhaps, not soon—not so very soon; therefore be happy, my little one. But," continued the poor widow, looking again on the valley at her feet, "I know not if those were my pleasantest days which

I spent there ; yet I love my country—I love many who dwell in it ; but then I knew not those blessed truths which are now my only consolation. The comfort I now enjoy—such comfort, my lovely child, as the world can neither give nor take away—such comfort as the prospect of death, so far from disturbing, tends to augment ;—but the tears are in your gentle eyes, my little Sophie. I am to blame to trouble you thus ; and yet, my child, I have much to say to you. You will not forget, my beloved one, all that has passed to day, and what I have said to you on this journey ; and when you see this pass—this winding road, which leads down this mountain, it will serve as a memorial to you of what your mother has endeavoured to inculcate.”

Little Sophie felt that there had been something in her mother's manner during that whole day which she could not understand ; but still, having the impression that this peculiarity of manner was merely the effect of

the recurrence of the recollections of her early days, and of those scenes which were so intimately connected with the memory of her departed father, she was less alarmed than she might otherwise have been at symptoms she did not understand; and, in pursuance with the plans which had been suggested to her, no doubt by the divine Inspirer of all motives contrary to that selfishness habitual to man, she endeavoured to suppress her own uneasy apprehensions, and to look about her to collect materials for subjects which might divert her parent's attention from the indulgence of more affecting thoughts; but the task, which had been comparatively easy in places not connected with former associations, was beyond the address of the little girl in the situation in which they then were; for where was the grove, the rock, the waterfall, the hill, near or remote, the chalet, the upland, or the vale, then beneath her observation, which was not in some way connected, in her mother's mind, with the

affecting recollections of days which were gone, of youth which was past, and of friends which were no more. In consequence of which, the little girl, after several vain endeavours to excite a smile upon her mother's wan countenance, relapsed into silence till they had reached the fountain and cistern of marble which had been there erected by Napoleon.

There Madame Roquenord, almost sinking upon a slab of granite on the road side, exclaimed, "It is finished—I can no more, my Sophie, yet I would willingly have passed on one foot or more of these terrible galleries which are to come. Yet why should I doubt? is not our God all-sufficient; has he not measured out these mountains in the hollow of his hand; cannot he preserve us here as in the valleys; and do I fear the valley of the shadow of death whilst I have his rod to rest upon? And yet, Sophie, if you could obtain for me one drop of water from that fountain;"—and the poor mother looked at

her child with such an expression as that child had never before seen but once, and that was in her dying father. It was then for the first time that she really believed that her mother would actually soon be taken from her; the lines of death, those indescribable tokens of mortality, were already graven on the features of Madame Roque-nord, and the little one about to become an orphan indeed, as to this world, was too well able to decipher these terrible characters. Still her presence of mind, or rather her heavenly parent, did not forsake her; she hastened to take a little cup which she carried in her basket for purposes of this kind, and having procured some water from the sparkling fountain, she brought it to her mother, who received it with eyes lifted up to Him who provides the waters of comfort in the valley of Baca. The mother and daughter having only permitted the carriage to make the frightful turn round the fountain, took their usual seats, and remained still, and

without adventures, till they arrived at Geneva, where, at the Porte de Carnurn, a servant on horseback from Madame de Prevot met the carriage, and directing the voiturin to follow him, led him quite through the town to Porte de Rive, beyond which was the country house of M. de Prevot, on that side of the town in the neighbourhood of the beautiful little village of Chene. Madame Roquenord had sat, or rather laid, quite still, with her handkerchief over her eyes, ever since she had got into the carriage on the Jura ; neither had she moved when the wheels began to rattle over the rough pavement of Geneva, and to rumble over the double bridges of the rapid Rhone. Little Sophie hoped that she was sleeping, and would be refreshed. Children have no idea, or at least a very imperfect one, of those sufferings or of that exhaustion which produces perfect quiet ; the little girl, therefore, was for the present easy with respect to her mother, and considerably amused with the ap-

pearance of the old town, in many respects so different to any she had yet seen on the Continent. The amazing height of the houses first struck her as extraordinary, and the accumulations of old buildings tumbled upon each other without plan or order in the island formed by the two branches of the Rhone, as it pours from the lake, struck her with astonishment. She thought it best, however, not to disturb her mother, and thus was driven forward through the city, and over the draw-bridges by le Pré l'Eveque into the country, where having ascended a small eminence, she found herself among beautiful houses, whose gardens and pleasure grounds bordered the road on each side. It was autumn, as I mentioned above, and the noble chesnuts and accaias which shaded these gardens, of which the foliage was only slightly tinged by the glow of autumn, looked only more beautiful than they might have done in the height of summer.

Having passed several mansions, the avant courier caused the great iron gate, which led up through a long avenue to one of these chateaus, to be thrown widely open, and the next minute Sophie and her mother were within the boundaries of that very domain in which the latter had first seen the light, for this estate had descended from her forefathers, and had been given in dowry to her elder sister.

It was the stoppage of the carriage before the portico which first roused Madame Roquenord, who moving slightly, and removing the handkerchief which she had thrown over her face, uttered a deep sigh, saying at the same time, "Not long-- I shall not be long; I am coming now."

"Mama," said Sophie; "mama, we are arrived. Will you get up? we are at the end of our journey."

"No, my love, not yet," replied Madame Roquenord; "we have another valley to descend, and another river to pass."

“Mama,” repeated Sophie; “mama, do you not know me, mama? Speak to me, mama—look at me, mama;” for it seems that Madame Roquenord’s eyes were lifted up as it were to the roof of the carriage, and there intently fixed.

Whilst this short dialogue, if such it could be called, was passing between Sophie and her mother, Madame Prevot was standing on the lofty flight of steps which led to the principal door of the chateau, the servants had gathered round the carriage, and every one seemed to wonder wherefore the persons within did not attempt to move.

But Sophie was so entirely occupied by the situation of her mother, that she never turned to look at her aunt until she heard that lady directing the servants to lift out the demoiselle. Sophie did then recollect herself, and turned anxiously to see her aunt.

There had been originally a strong family resemblance between Pauline and Sophie, but this resemblance, instead of increasing

during the progress of years, had gradually worn away, until a stranger, in looking at the two sisters, and in comparing the ruddy and highly set-off figure of Madame Prevot with the pale, emaciated, and subdued appearance of Madame Roquenord, would have said, "Surely there can be no kindred between two persons so entirely different, so totally dissimilar." The voice, too, of Madame Prevot was set in a much higher key than that of her sister, and her bearing was also indicative of that long course of outward prosperity which she had been permitted to experience, (I was about to say enjoy, but I have retracted the word,) whereas that of Madame Roquenord denoted a total failure of bodily strength, and the overthrow of all self-sufficiency and confidence in any human mind. But this want of resemblance, this entire difference of appearance and manner, caused little Sophie to shrink back rather than to spring forward at the sight of her aunt: however, recollecting herself, the next

minute she permitted herself to be lifted out of the carriage, and to be set upon the platform, where Madame Prevot, having kissed her on each cheek, and welcomed her to Geneva, was told by her niece that she feared her mother was very, very ill.

“How,” said Madame Prevot, looking unutterable things, at least, things incomprehensible to such a child as Sophie, although one better instructed in the ways of worldly persons would have understood what they meant, viz. that she hoped the poor widow was not come to act doleful scenes in her house. “How! is my poor sister so ill!” and she descended to the side of the carriage and spoke to her; but Madame Roquenord had fallen again into insensibility, and Madame Prevot, under considerable alarm, caused her to be lifted up and taken to a chamber which had been prepared for her. And now we must almost entirely leave the dying mother, to follow the little girl, whom we must henceforth consider as the principal

personage of our history; for it was at this moment that Sophie first felt what it was to be indeed an orphan. As some of the servants were bearing Madame Roquenord through the extensive hall, and up a wide flight of stairs, being followed by others of the domestics, chiefly female, who had gathered at the call of Madame Prevot, Sophie was detained a moment behind by her aunt, who, again addressing her, said, "How long has your mother been in this state? what is her complaint? how could you think of coming on when you found her so ill?" adding other questions, much to the same purpose, to all which Sophie made no distinct replies, but looking anxiously after her mother, begged to be permitted to follow her, for her aunt was holding her hand, and she did not feel herself at liberty to withdraw it. "Well, be it so," said Madame Prevot; "but I must remain below, to give directions respecting sending for a physician. How unfortunate it is that M. Prevot and my daughters should

not be at home!" Sophie heard no more, but being set at liberty, ran across the wide hall and up the stairs, and along an extensive gallery, where, being attracted by voices, she soon found herself in the chamber to which they had carried her mother. It was a large apartment, opening on a balcony, of green lattice work, shaded with creepers; the walls were adorned with large landscapes, richly and gaily painted, describing mountains, torrents, and ruined castles, with dark woods of pine, and cottages with their rustic porches, and cows, and sheep, with all the accompaniments of rural housewifery in the foreground; two large tent-like beds, were at one end of this room, in alcoves, the hangings and other apparatus of these beds being of Lyons' silk, mingled with threads of silver; the flooring of this chamber was brightly polished, and variegated with different coloured boards; and chairs and sofas of cut velvet, with a magnificent time-piece on the marble mantel-shelf, with several tables of

alabaster, completed the arrangements of this chamber; but all these circumstances of splendour were wholly lost on the afflicted child, who thought only of her mother, stretched on one of the beds, and apparently without life, whilst an old woman, dressed altogether like a peasant, was rubbing her temples, and lamenting over her in tones which went to the heart of the daughter. There were other women in the room, but the little girl saw them not; there were other sounds of condolence uttered in that chamber, but Sophie heeded them not; whilst the figure of the old woman, and the cries which escaped her, went straight to her heart, for the bearing of this person was that of a mother lamenting her first-born. "And are all my bright hopes thus clouded?" said the venerable peasant; "was it for this I came so cheerily from my home this day?—was it for this? Oh! my child, my daughter, look up once again, my dear one; only say you know me—say you know your

poor nurse. Look but once at me, my child, my darling one!" It is Janet Keller, thought Sophie, and mama does not know her. "Oh! poor mama, is she really dying?" and down fell the little girl at the foot of the bed, pressing her face against the mattress in order that her sobs might not disturb her mother, yet looking up from time to time, as if she would have sought some token of an alteration for the better in the wan visage, which she was soon to see no more, and then again burying her face in the bedding, as if it were possible thus to smother her anguish.

At length, on hearing some one say that her aunt and the physician were coming along the gallery, she sprang upon her feet and ran out into the balcony mentioned above, where she sunk upon a chair which had been set there, and remained a while in a state almost of stupefaction, the frequent effect of extreme excitement. There, while she sat unregarded, the shades of evening had stolen rapidly over the landscape, the dis-

appearance of the sun being hastened by the rampart presented in the west by the long range of the Jura, and the last rays of the parting light being only just visible in their reflection upon the summit of the great Salave; a gentle breeze had risen, and was agitating the leaves of the chesnut trees, which grew in rich abundance in the domain, and in its passage bringing near and bearing away the deep sound of a funeral bell which tolled from the steeple of the Catholic chapel in the village of Chene; but neither breeze, nor bell, nor light, nor shade, nor rustling leaf, nor lovely evening scene, nor any other object nor sensation, had power to attract the attention of the unhappy little Sophie, and she might have remained all that long sad night in the same stupefaction of grief had not she been aroused by a gentle voice, and a kind though hard hand laid upon her own. The words which were thus insinuated were as follows: "And are you there, my little dear one?" said the person who spoke; "and

does no one take thought of you, sweet child? yet they are all kindly engaged in rendering assistance to your beloved parent. God Almighty grant that her passage may be easy!"

Sophie looked up—it was Janet Keller who spoke to her, who stood by her, who extended her arms as if she would have invited her to lay her orphan head on that bosom which, in that very apartment, thirty years before, had first afforded nourishment to her mother! Nor did the worthy peasant extend her arms in vain. How sweet is the voice of sympathy to the afflicted heart! it is, to use a lofty emblem, as the voice of the chief Shepherd to the wounded and bruised of the flock; and as it penetrated the bosom of the little afflicted one, she half rose from her seat, and sunk quite overpowered on the bosom of Janet.

The worthy woman then seating herself on the chair from which Sophie had risen, took her upon her lap, and placing her ach-

ing head on her bosom—"My little one," she whispered, "you have been nurtured, I trust, in the fear and love of God: know you these words?—'Je ne vous laisserai point orpheline, je viendrai vers vous.' " (John xiv. 18.)

"I do," replied Sophie; "but I cannot yet——" There she stopped.

"You cannot yet make up your mind, my child, to part with your mother. It was but a little hour ago, and I should have said in the same spirit, I cannot part with the daughter I have but just found—that daughter whom it has been my daily prayer (perhaps my sinful prayer) to be permitted to see once again on earth; but I have been made to see and feel the sin of this rebellious thought, and I have already—yes, already been enabled to say, 'My God, my God, thy will be done: take thine own—she is thy creature, thy redeemed one, thy blessed one—I kiss the hand that gives the blow.' "

“ Oh, Madame Keller !” replied Sophie, “ must mama die so soon ?”

“ If now, at this moment, my little lady, she is suffering the last mortal agonies, would you wish them to be prolonged ?”

Sophie uttered a faint scream in reply to this ; then, as with a violent effort, controlling herself, she slipped from Janet’s lap upon her knees, and uttered several broken words of prayer ; and then, as if wholly overcome by sorrow and fatigue, it was very evident that she would have fallen fainting on the floor of the balcony, if Janet had not lifted her up and carried her to a distant chamber, where she put her in bed, and, by the advice of the physician, gave her a composing draught which presently threw her into a long deep sleep.

But my history, I feel, leads me too frequently into those dark and shadowy scenes, through which all must pass who are of the seed of him to whom it was said, “ In the day that thou eatest thereof thou shalt surely

die. Death, by which I mean merely temporal death, is the unavoidable portion of all those who partake of the nature of Adam after the flesh. Nevertheless, I would willingly endeavour, as a skilful painter ought to do, to throw some sunshine on my pages; and truly I know not where to obtain such tints as may be brilliant enough to gild the gloom, unless I dip my pencil in those bright colours which true religion can supply. A torch or flambeau might indeed render more visible the darkness of a forest; but it is the light of heaven alone which can penetrate the gloom through all its shadowy intricacies, or awake the song of birds, or illuminate the path of man.

I will not, therefore, dwell at length on the scenes attendant on the death-bed of Madame Roquenord, nor describe the pompous style in which she was committed to the dust, under the direction of her brother-in-law, who, in considering the honour of the family, judged that it would be proper to pay

every possible respect to her memory—nor describe at full length the manner in which, when all forms had been duly attended to, every thing both in the town and country-house of M. Prevot fell into its usual routine, madame having settled it in her own mind, that if her sister were to die in her own country, she herself had been saved much uneasiness, by her dying as she did, before any arrangements had been made for her residing there, viz. a house taken, furniture obtained, or servants hired, &c.; but leaving all these things, we will return to our little girl, who, when she awoke from her long sleep, and was told that her mother was actually no more, suffered so much, that it was thought that the best arrangement that could be made for her, would be to remove her immediately, and not to permit her to witness any of the circumstances attending the obsequies; and as she appeared to be more easy with Janet Keller than with any other person, the entreaties of that excellent woman

were attended to, viz. that she might be permitted to take the little lady to her cottage in the mountains—a proposal which appeared to be particularly acceptable to Sophie, M. Prevot determining at the same time that she should remain there for a month or six weeks at most, and then be brought back to his family, who generally spent most of the winter months at Geneva, in his house on La Traille, which had belonged to M. de Levrat. This plan was, however, not followed up in all its particulars, for when Sophie had been about a month with Janet Keller, Monsieur Prevot found it necessary to go to England, to close his late brother-in-law's affairs there, and madame, with the two young ladies, pressed so earnestly to accompany him so far as Paris, that he suffered himself to be prevailed upon. The ladies were to wait for him at Paris whilst he proceeded to England, where he expected to be about a month; but finding the affairs not to be so promptly settled as

he had expected, he was obliged to delay his return till the winter had set in, when Madame Prevot declaring that she could not think of passing the mountains at that season, the family continued at Paris, and actually did not return to Geneva till the month of May. In the mean time, Sophie was left with Janet Keller, when the frost came on, Madame Prevot wrote to Janet, to desire her to bring the child from the mountains to their country house near Geneva, where she might have the advantage of warmer air and good masters, giving her the option of staying with her to wait upon her, or of placing her under the care of her housekeeper. It may easily be understood which of these measures Janet assented to. But we are anticipating, and shall now go back to describe the mode of life pursued by little Sophie in the mountains.

It was early on the day following that of the death of Madame Roquenord, when Janet Keller, taking in her arms the little daughter,

to whom she had already extended all that warm affection which she had always felt for the mother, from the moment that she had received her an helpless infant to her breast, she brought her down to the carriage, which waited at the door, and they were thus driven through the town of Chene to that of Mornez, a village at the foot of the little Salave. This little village was in a valley encompassed with mountains, and watered by the Arve. Here Janet Keller took her little lady out of the carriage of M. Prevot, which had brought them thus far, and having set her on a bench at the door of the village inn, in the shade of many trees, whose roots were bathed by a pure stream which came bubbling from a stone cistern in the garden, she dismissed the carriage, and waited quietly for the arrival of her own son, whom she expected every moment from the interior of the mountain. A respectable old woman who kept the inn had taken her place by them on the same bench, and whilst employed with her.



knitting, she cast her eyes from time to time on the figure of the little girl, who, being in the deepest mourning, sate with her delicate hand within that of Janet Keller, whilst her eyes, which were overcharged with tears, were fixed upon the ground. Her thoughts being with the cold pale remains of that poor mother from whom she was separated that day for the first time, and in whose company she had so lately sate, as at that day, at the door of a country inn.

The good old woman seemed as if she were anxious to know what those circumstances might be, which had the power of so entirely overcoming a creature so very young; and looking from her to Janet, whom she knew at least by sight as the inhabitant of a neighbouring village, she inquired the circumstances of the little lady, in a voice which could not reach the ear of the child. And when Janet had made her understand that Sophie was lamenting her last parent just

dead, "Is it so?" she replied, speaking aloud. "So young, and already an orphan! but know you not, my little lady," she added, as she turned to Sophie, "that our blessed Lord is the especial father of the orphan?"

"I know it, ma'am," replied Sophie, "and I have found it so already—I have found that the verse is true."

"What verse, my child?" asked the hostess.

"Je ne vous laisserai point orpheline je viendrai vers vous," said Janet.

"And whence are those words?" asked the old woman.

"From the Scriptures," replied Janet; "the words of truth."

"They are beautiful," said the woman. "And have you already found the truth of them, my little demoiselle?"

"I have," replied Sophie; whilst her tears gushed forth afresh, and she drew nearer to Janet, as if she would have added, I have found another mother.

Her companions both understood the motion, and Janet, as if to account for it to the stranger, said, "I was her mother's nurse—I took her from her dying mother, when only a few hours old, and I reared her till she was four years of age—have I not the right to love her little one?"

"God is good—is wise—is merciful," said the hostess. "O! that we could confide in him more entirely than we do."

"It is," replied Janet, "that we are blind and foolish, trusting to ourselves, and doubting his paternal care, though every moment of our lives brings with it fresh instances of his love; but we are as silly sheep wandering among the dark mountains of this world, and not knowing that we depend only on our shepherd for our defence and safety. She then repeated the following words, taken from a hymn which she often sung with her family :

Tes brebes, O Jesus ! connaissant ton amour,
Tu les connuis aussi tu leur donnes tu joie,

Et c'est tu main que leur dresse la voie,
Qui les conduit au celeste sejour.

Sur elles, jour et nuit, tu veilles avec som
Tu vois quels sont leurs maux, leur force ou leurs fai
blesse,
Et des faveurs de tu riche tendresse,
Chaque moment est un nouveau tomoïn.

By this time the sound of wheels, as coming from the direction of the Salaves, was heard in the road, and the next minute appeared a long narrow four-wheeled cart or waggon, drawn by a mule, over which was slung a double seat, somewhat resembling the body of a gig, which could be taken off at pleasure, in which sate a decent young man in a blue frock and leather cap.

"My son, your dear mother's foster-brother, mademoiselle," said Janet. "He is, come for us, dear child; you are, I trust, prepared to see a very humble sort of life."

"Mama's foster-brother!" exclaimed Sophie, with more sprightliness of manner than the good nurse had observed in her before.

"Then I shall love him. May I call him uncle, nurse?"

"Surely, my love, if you will condescend so far," replied Janet. "Come forward and speak to him:" and she led her by the hand.

It was most pleasing to poor Janet to see the manner in which little Sophie advanced to her son, and to see how kindly she held out her hand to him; yet it touched her to observe how the young man dashed the tears from his eyes as he turned away to busy himself about the cart, as if he would, if he could, have set things in better order about the carriage for the reception of the little demoiselle.

Janet Keller had been particularly blessed in her family, though not perhaps in that way which the world or worldly persons might judge to be so. She was then a widow, although she had not lost her husband many years; but he had lived and died in that perfect assurance of the divine love



which possesses a constraining power in the production of works of righteousness: for, as the Scriptures saith, "He that loveth me, keepeth my commandments." Who should love the Saviour so well as those who are assured of their redemption?

Her only daughter, who was some years older than Madame Roquenord, had married and died, together with her husband, several years before, having left two daughters, now nearly grown up, who were living with their grandmother, and were her comfort and delight, insomuch so, that when they were waiting upon her, she would often say, "I am even more blessed than Job; for whereas after his first children were taken from him for a while, he had only the same number added to him again, whilst I have had two rendered to me for the one who is gone before me to his heavenly Father; for if I have lost my Aleine, I have another Aleine in her place, and with her a Louise also," for such were the names of these orphan girls;

but Janet Keller had had several sons, two of whom, who were older than Josseline, had died in infancy, passing from the cradle] to the arms of their Saviour, and two also, who were much younger, being still with their brother in the mountains, assisting him in the management of his farm ; for the Almighty had blessed the substance of this humble household ; and of Josseline it might be said, as of Abraham of old, " He was very rich in cattle," though we cannot add the remainder of the clause.

Josseline had been married four years, and been divinely led in his choice : his wife was all that her excellent mother could desire. Two little prattling babes, the children of Josseline and his wife Annette, a labouring saving man, and a wooden-shod, iron-sinewed damsel, who could handle a pitchfork with more skill than she could guide a needle, completed this household, in which all persons alike submitted to the authority of the excellent mother—an authority which was,

however, never exercised but in case of need, and therefore, when exercised, was the more respected. Such was the household into which our little Sophie was about to be introduced; a household, in its habits, greatly differing from those to which she had been accustomed in the elegant society which she had enjoyed in England: yet, having one bond of union with all the believers throughout the whole earth, viz. that bond of union which unites all the children of God, however far removed by time, by place, by circumstances, more surely and more firmly than any other tie which can be formed by any human interest or human motive, of whatever possible description.

But having enumerated the individuals of this little household, which, as I should say, was as a garden in a wilderness, being within the limits of Savoy, which is a Roman Catholic country, I shall return to our travellers, and beg my readers to picture to themselves the cart above described, slowly creeping up

the Saleve, Josseline being on foot at the head of the mule, and Janet and Sophie in the seat of honour. Persons who have been accustomed to the fine roads of England, would perhaps hardly suppose it possible that any thing in the shape of a wheel carriage could be kept in a progressive motion up such a rough ascent as the carriage in question had to encounter from Mornez up the side of the little Saleve to Monetier, where was the farm of Janet. A perilous passage in truth, and one for which a delicate traveller would hardly think himself compensated by the magnificence of the scene; for, in measure, as the traveller ascends, more and still more of a prospect, such as Switzerland only can afford, unfolds itself to the astonished gaze.

Down in the vale beneath, at several thousand feet, winds the river Arve, in its passage from its source among the snowy mountains to its final dissolution in the waters of the Rhone, foaming and dashing and agitating itself in its course, like some mighty

champion, or vain aspirer for earthly honours, who advances only the more rapidly to his doom, in measure, as he forces himself forwards.

The channel of this beautiful river, towards its source, being visible in many places, even as far as the town of Bonneville, its banks, together with the steeper heights in their vicinity, being as richly diversified as the various groupings of every beautiful object in nature or in art could be imagined to render them, still that hand must be skilful indeed which could describe, in all their beautiful particularities, those woody knolls, those verdant uplands, those farms and homesteads and little cottages, those solitary chalets, those spires and turrets, coped with tin, and glistening in the sun-beam, those old crumbling fortresses, and those winding pathways, passing away into regions seldom visited by the higher ranks of civilized man ; neither would it suit my purpose so to do, were it in my power ; and yet I must not leave my

picture so unfinished as not to say, that beyond this valley, in the back-ground, are seen mountains beyond mountains, rising one above another, terminated in the horizon, and, as if in another world, by the long range of the Alps of Chamoney, the Bouet and the Aiguille Vert, lifting themselves in proud pre-eminence above all other visible points.

But little Sophie had seen these mountains first in the presence of her mother ; she therefore turned from them with a sort of shuddering, as from a painful association, and found herself in some degree relieved when, having passed the steepest part of the ascent, the carriage turned into a long avenue of chesnuts, in the hollow between the two Saleves, which rose on each side of the road. This avenue presently brought them to Monetier. This village is situated in a lofty plain between the mountains, shut out, apparently, from all the world, and, at the first sight, conveying the idea of perfect peace :



but those who understand the human mind, must be assured that wherever human beings exist, that human passions there will rise and burn the hotter and the higher where most closely pent ; and yet a village shut up with hills, embosomed in trees, and having its little church and humble spire lifting itself above those trees, with all its accompaniments of mountain scenery, seems to speak to the heart, and promise innocence and quiet, and a refuge from the storms of life. Reason may indeed suggest the fallacy of these expectations, and experience actually give the lie to them ; yet still the imagination again and again suggests the same ideas on the recurrence of the same images, and I think it therefore very possible that these associations, which seem altogether fanciful, and yet which are inherent in our very nature, are implanted within us to point out what our state will be in the latter days, when nature, which has been utterly marred by sin, shall recover her pristine glory, and be again what she was in Eden.

But I am lingering too long on my journey, and perchance am wearying my reader with speculations which may at first sight appear to him to be without foundation. I will therefore leave these things, to inform him that when Sophie first caught a glimpse of the tower of the church, she expressed some pleasure, saying, "Then we can go to church, nurse; it is long since I have been at church." In reply to which, Janet informed her that all the persons in the village were Papists, that the minister was a Papist, and that there were very few Protestants in the parish.

"All Roman Catholic!" replied Sophie, with a sigh, and then relapsed into silence.

The villages in Savoy cannot, in general, boast of their cleanliness; and probably it will be found that where the religion is not correct, external neatness is commonly neglected: but this is not a general rule; there are some exceptions. But the general slovenliness of this village did not extend to the

homestead of Janet Keller : her house did not connect itself with the other houses ; it was apart from the rest. I will not say on what side of the village, as I do not choose to indulge the curiosity of my reader in this particular. Suffice it to say, that when we entered the village, the mule knew the exact turn which it behoved him to take. It was through a lane from which the homestead was separated by a rude wall. A high gate, with double doors, opened from thence into a court paved with round stones. On the right was the cowhouse and stable ; at the bottom a shed for wood, and a place of refuge for the poultry from the good-bird, a species of eagle, dwelling on the mountains, and called good, no doubt, much in the same spirit as that in which the same epithet is bestowed on the little people so much dreaded [in the northern provinces of Scotland. The house itself occupied the left side of this court, being none the worse for not being under the same roof with the cowhouse.

This house was a low building, having only one story, and a tiled roof hanging over a gallery which ran round the house, and into which the chamber windows opened, this gallery being fenced with a rude unpainted railing ; for, in fact, there was no paint visible on the house. The lower part of the house consisted of a very large kitchen, with a wide chimney, within which was a sort of parlour or chamber, with a neat bed in an alcove, a chest of drawers, a table and chairs, the walls being wainscoted, but not painted ; and, by the care of Annette, a small piece of carpeting being spread upon the tiled floor : the window of this room opened upon a field, and a vine, on which the fruit was hanging in rich clusters which had been trained up to the gallery above. This apartment was prepared for Sophie ; and when Josseline lifted her out of the cart, Janet led her into it, the whole of the family standing back in consideration of her peculiarly melancholy situation.

I shall pass over the few first days spent

by Sophie in the mountains ; because during that time Janet kept her in her little chamber, to which she introduced, one by one, her daughters-in-law and grand-children, sitting with her herself all day, and sleeping on a couch by her side at night. During this period Sophie became more calm ; religion was doing its work, under the ministry of Janet, in bringing its consolations ; and before the Sunday morning the little orphan had been brought to consider her parents in an existence of unutterable blessedness, as lifted entirely above all the sufferings of this present sorrowful life ; in compliance with the idea contained in the following stanza :

O fils de Dieu ! quelle sainte assurance,
Par ton esprit se repand en nos cœurs !
Jamais la mort, ni ses sombres terreurs,
Ne prevaudront contre notre esperance.
Oui, notre foi triomphe en ta puissance,
Et du tombeau nous rend plus que vainqueurs.

Her sorrow, then, being no longer without a heavenly sweetness, exhibited itself no more

as it had done at first, in violent and sudden bursts of grief, which seemed as if they would have torn her tender breast, but in that gentle flow of kindly tears, such as nature permits for the relief of the swelling heart ; thus proving the words of the poet, viz. that the fiercer passions of man are as the wind, which, rifting the snows of the mountain, causes them to fall with dreadful crash into the valleys beneath, bearing destruction on their terrible wings ; whereas the milder influences of the Holy Spirit, as procured for us through Christ our Lord, are as the effects of the warm summer breeze, which, gently melting the snows of the mountains, causes them to flow in a thousand fertilizing rills, filling the valleys with plenty, and causing the furrows to stand thick with corn.

It was, as I before said, the morning of the Lord's day—we will not call it the sabbath, for the day of our Lord is as much more blessed than the sabbath of the Jews, as the gospel is more excellent than the law ;

and as the resurrection of our blessed Saviour is more full of hope for the redeemed than that day in which his precious body, being submitted to the powers of death, lay silently in the grave. Early in the morning Janet came to Sophie. "You shall come out amongst us, my little lady, to-day," she said, "and see how we poor sheep of the mountains keep our Sunday. You shall assist at our family worship, and join with us in our hymns. You have been comforted, my little one, and have learnt to know that the Almighty forgets not his fatherless ones." So saying, she assisted her to dress, and led her out into the hall, where all the family were assembled round a long table, on which the breakfast was neatly arranged, consisting of a bowl of soup, another of boiled milk, with huge flat loaves, coffee, fruit, and a little apparatus for making tea being placed at the head of the table : there also sat Josseline, with his wife and little children on one side of him, whilst, on the other, places were left

for Sophie and his mother. Next in order sat the young people ; and the servants occupied the bottom of the board.

Every one bowed and looked kindly when Sophie appeared ; but no remarks were made. And when Josseline had asked a blessing, the meal commenced.

The window of the hall was open, and the sound of the village bell came swinging slowly over the trees, which rose thickly beyond the outhouses.

“ That bell,” said Josseline, “ is not for us, mademoiselle ; but we will pray for those of our poor neighbours who are summoned by it to their mistaken services.”

On hearing this remark, one of the boys, as boys will do, used an expression of contempt for the stupid folly of his neighbours : on which the mother spoke. “ Paul,” said she, “ what are we ? that is, what is our station in life ? ”

“ Peasants,” replied the boy ; “ or, at best, farmers living on the mountains.”

“ Plain sort of people,” added the mother, “ having much rough work to do, and dressed in coarse clothing; our best habits being of blue cloth, our finest linen of spun hemp, our hats of coarse straw, our stockings of blue worsted, and our shoes of wood—”

“ On week-days, and of leather on Sundays,” added Paul, laughing.

“ True,” said the grandmother, “ true, my boy; and now tell me what law or necessity there is for a man or boy, or woman or girl, who wears blue woollen instead of satin and velvet, and sabots instead of silk slippers, to be more coarse and vulgar in his conversation than a person who is better dressed ? ”

Paul shrugged up his shoulders, as if to say, “ Now, my mother is down upon me for the slur I have thrown upon the Papists.”

“ To whom are the gifts of sanctification by the Lord the Spirit promised ? ” asked the mother. “ To the rich only and to the great ? ”

Paul was silent; but Aleine spoke this

scripture, viz. "God is no respecter of persons."

"According to which," returned Janet, "is there any reason wherefore, we, being persons of lowly estate, may not expect as abundant a pouring out upon us of spiritual blessings as those of higher degree?"

"Surely we may," replied Aleine.

"And that we may be assisted in an equal degree to bring forth the fruits of the Spirit?" proceeded Janet.

"Undoubtedly, mother," returned Josse-line.

"Then what are these fruits," continued the excellent mother, "but love, joy, peace, long-suffering, gentleness, goodness, faith, meekness, temperance?" (Gal. v. 22, 23.) "All these graces, I maintain, may flourish in a cottage as well as in the court of a king. And wherever they flourish, be assured that there will be no hard censures past on a fellow-creature; no irritable feelings indulged against a brother in the faith;

and no unkind ones against such of our fellow-creatures as are not so ; but love will have its perfect exercise, and gentleness and temperance will produce the same polish of manners which might be witnessed in the hall of a prince, with this difference only, that in the case of the believer, the courtesy would be real ; whereas in that of the prince it is too often but superficial."

" Mother," said Josseline, " I see that mademoiselle is looking hard at you, as if wondering how a peasant of the mountains should be able to express herself as you do."

" Why, what have I said, son ? " replied Janet.

" You have spoken but the truth, mother," returned the son ; " but you must know that many of our betters have been surprised at the manner in which you express yourself. But the fact is, mademoiselle," he added, " and it might please you to know it, that my mother, being an orphan, though the child of a poor man, was brought up by

that worthy lady, your great-grandmother, and taught many things above her station; and since that period, having been brought to the knowledge of divine things, she has been prevented from sinking into those low habits into which her humble station might otherwise have led her."

"Religion has a wonderful effect," added Janet, "if it be of the right sort, in keeping us poor human creatures from sinking into coarseness and brutality. I have heard it said, that the wildest savage, when converted from his errors, becomes, in some degree, polite. The very dread which every Christian must have of giving unnecessary pain to any creature must, in some degree, make him a gentleman. What does the Scripture say, but this: 'By this shall all men know that ye are my disciples, if ye have love one for another.'"

Thus they continued to converse till after breakfast; after which, when Josseline had given thanks, every one went about those

my poor mama also told me so ; and I know, though she was so much better than most other people, that she had never any other thought but that it would be by our Lord Jesus Christ that she would be saved."

" Why do you say, ' would be,' mademoiselle ? " said Josseline. " By what has Christ procured our redemption ? "

" By his coming into the world to die for us, and by his resurrection and ascension," replied little Sophie.

" Well," said Josseline, " are those events passed, or to come ? "

" Oh, passed a great while ago," replied Sophie.

" Then," said Josseline, " we are redeemed, the thing is done ;—not to be done."

" Yes," replied Sophie, " to be sure, we are redeemed ; that is, those who will go to heaven are redeemed. But then we, who are alive, we cannot know whether we are saved till we die."

" You are mistaken there, my little lady,"

replied Josseline ; “ we cannot, indeed, know exactly what will take place when we die, or where we may be after death, any more than I can tell the nature of the moon, and the things which are there ; but we may be assured of our salvation and our happiness, whether in life or in death, if we have been brought to believe that Christ, and Christ only, is our Redeemer.”

“ I do believe,” replied Sophie, “ that there is no other Redeemer but our Lord, and that he saves all those who are to be saved ; but I cannot feel sure that I shall be saved. I often feel so naughty and so rebellious, and so vexed and grieved with the things which God chooses to do, that I cannot always think I am a child of God, or that I shall go to heaven.”

“ Then I am to understand that you expect, it seems,” said Josseline, “ that your going to heaven has something to do with your obtaining merit by obedience and submission to God ; and that in consequence

your salvation depends upon yourself, in some degree. In that case, you have never yet received your blessed Saviour as your Redeemer; you have thought of him only as of a friend who is to help you in case you cannot do all that is necessary for yourself."

"I think I have," answered Sophie, after a moment's pause; "I think I have. I am sure, indeed, that I have always thought that I must do something for myself; and that if I did not do it, I should not be saved. But is it not necessary for us to try to be good?"

"We will speak of that by-and-by, my little dear," said Janet, who had been listening anxiously to what the child said; "but only answer me now one question: did your dear mother ever say that she must do any thing to work out her own salvation?"

"No, no," replied Sophie; "she always told me she could do nothing herself; but that our Lord must do all: and so did my dear papa, and Mr. Seymour, and Lucy and Emily. I am sure they always told me this;

but still I had an idea that I was to do something for myself; and I thought that I should go to hell if I did not do it."

"Thank God for the assurance," said Janet, "that my beloved child lived and died in the pure faith; and as to your error, my dear Sophie, learn that it is one that clings fast to our proud and evil natures, which cannot submit to receive the mercies of God as a free gift, entirely undeserved by us. But now that, by God's blessing, your mind is opened to see your unbelief, listen to my son, and he will, with God's assistance, unfold the truth to you."

"The three persons of the Trinity," said Josseline, "viz. the Father, the Son, and the Holy Ghost, are all equally engaged in the work of our salvation. You are acquainted, no doubt, with this doctrine of the Trinity in unity."

"I am," replied Sophie. "I think I have been taught in the right way; for all my dear friends worked very hard to show me

that whatever they taught me was in the Bible. But I fear I have not always learnt aright; and I am sure I have not always understood all that has been said to me."

"Poor child," said Janet: "may the Spirit which is above descend in blessings on your young head!"

"Do you know," asked Josseline, "what God the Father has done, and continues to do, for those who are redeemed?"

"He gave his Son for them," replied Sophie.

"And what more does he do?" asked Josseline.

Sophie could not reply; but looked at Aleine, who, speaking for her, said, "No man can come unto me except the Father which hath sent me draw him; and I will raise him up at the last day." (John vi. 44.)

"Observe, then," said Josseline, "that no man can call Jesus Lord unless he is taught by the Father. If, then, you believe that you are saved by the Son, you have re-

ceived the call of the Father; you have received that sign in your hearts which is the assurance of your salvation: not that you shall be saved, but that you are saved; for that by which you were redeemed is finished, and nothing depends on yourself. And now, having received this assurance, you may expect that that sanctification which is the work of the Lord the Spirit, will forthwith commence in your heart. Do you understand, mademoiselle?"

"I think I do, uncle," replied Sophie; "but please to ask me again another time, and teach me more, for I feel that I know very little."

"But you know one thing, I trust, my child," said Janet, "and that knowledge is worth all else which could be taught you, viz. that Christ has redeemed you."

This catechizing being concluded, the young party were set at liberty, and the boys, taking their bibles, sought some favourite nook wherein to read in quietness.

Aleine, Louise, and Sophie, went together, and, choosing an arbour in the garden, they also sat and read, each separately ; and there, after they had sat awhile, poor little Sophie felt herself painfully affected by certain vivid recollections of the arbour in Mr. Seymour's garden, and of her fair young companions in England ; and papa and mama were alive then, she thought, and I knew that I should see them when I returned to the house ; but where are Lucy and Emily now ? and where are my dear parents ? And the tears fell in large drops from her eyes, and she began to sob.

The young peasants were tenderly touched at observing her tears : they both laid down their books, and, gently taking her hands, they led her out of the arbour, and to that part of the garden where a clear stream of water came gushing from a stony part of the mountain above. There, giving her to drink from a little cup which was chained to the fountain, Aleine said, " This fountain, mademoiselle, never ceases to flow ; it is never muddy, but always

clear : as long as these hills remain, it will continue to bubble forth. But there is a fountain"—and she lifted up her fine dark eyes to the sky—" which will still flow when the heavens shall have departed like a scroll, and the elements shall have melted with fervent heat ; and they that taste of it shall thirst no more ; and our parents have drank of this fountain, and are satisfied. Why, then, should we weep, as those without hope ? Let us kneel down here and thank God that we also have been made partakers of this spiritual life." Aleine then knelt, and, with her, Sophie and Louise ; and these dear children prayed together that the assurance of the divine love might descend on the heart of Sophie, and change her songs of mourning to those of joy and thanksgiving.

When they arose from their knees, Sophie threw her arms around the necks of her young companions, and was led by them into the house, where the dinner was spread upon the board in the hall. After dinner, Janet took Sophie

with her to walk upon the hill ; and, as she led her gently along the thymy slopes, she endeavoured to amuse her by giving her histories of her younger days, when a child, residing in the house of her great-grandmother, pointing out, how in one way and another, every circumstance of her life had been arranged for her good.

“ And for mine too,” said Sophie. “ O dear nurse Janet, how little did grandmama think that it was in order that you might take care of the poor little orphan Sophie that she was rearing you so carefully.”

“ But there was one,” replied Janet, “ who did arrange all this beforehand, my child. And can you doubt that he, who has thus wisely managed all these things for you, will not finish his work ? ”

“ I do not doubt it, dear nurse,” replied Sophie ; “ and to prove to you that I do not doubt, I will try to be cheerful and happy. Mama and papa are happy, I know they are ; and I will not think of myself.”

“God helping you,” said Janet.

In the evening of this blessed day Josseline again assembled his family to divine worship ; and when they had supped in the same order as they had taken their other meals, they all retired to rest.

During the week, Sophie accustomed herself to associate with these excellent people, and to occupy herself with any little domestic matters which her nurse thought fit for her ; and she needs must follow her favourite Aleine in all her employments : and thus, insensibly, her health improved, and her cheerful feelings were confirmed by the beautiful views of the love of God for the redeemed daily exhibited by Josseline at the hours of evening devotions, when the family were all collected in the hall, and the doors shut close upon the world without. This period was, indeed, a blessed one to the little girl. As the rain descending on the mown grass, so did the words of wisdom descend on the heart of this orphan babe, strengthening and

confirming her against the day of trial which awaited her, and which, with the divine mercy, was protracted from time to time, owing to the absence of her aunt. At length, however, when Sophie had been six weeks in the mountains, a letter came from M. Prevot, directing that his niece should be brought to his country-house, near Geneva; giving Janet the option, as I before said, either to stay with her there, or leave her under the care of the *gouvernante* or housekeeper till Madame Prevot's return.

Janet had no hesitation what she should do; nor did her family make the least objection to parting with her for the consolation of their beloved Mademoiselle Sophie. And, indeed, had she hesitated, the imploring looks of her beloved child would speedily have settled the matter. Accordingly, Sophie and Janet once again put themselves into the little cart, and, proceeding to Mornez, where they were met by a small carriage of M. Prevot's, which speedily brought them

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to the country-house mentioned above; the young people of Monetier comforting themselves with the hope that when the flowers bloomed again upon the mountains, they should see their beloved little lady again. Thus hope is found to gild the path of life, and to shed its rays on many of its darkest spots.

The housekeeper, who had the charge of this campagne, for so are the country-houses called on the continent, was a simple, pious person attached to the family; but ignorant in comparison with Janet. However, she was prepared to do all that was kind for Sophie, even to the extent of indulging her in every wish. It happened, indeed, that Sophie's desires were moderate, and that she was very much under the influence of the nurse, as she always called Janet Keller; but no thanks were due on this account to Madame la Gouvernante, who, in common with many others in her subordinate situation, had no idea of any distinction between excessive

indulgence and that kindness which is discreet and proper. Nevertheless, little Sophie, being guided, as I before said, by Janet, and being, moreover, under the influence of a higher principle, enjoyed much peace whilst residing at her uncle's country-house.

We have spoken formerly of a Madame St. Clare, a friend of the aunt and mother of Sophie. This lady, being apprized by Madame Prevot of the situation of her niece, lost no time in calling upon her, and bringing with her her daughter Rozette, who was about four years older than Sophie.

Mademoiselle Roquenord was walking with Janet, in the avenue, when Madame St. Clare's carriage drove through the gates. The ladies alighted immediately, and, embracing her affectionately, offered their services, to show her any kindness which lay in their power. Sophie was extremely pleased by the manner of Rozette towards her; and although her dress was stiff, and her air peculiar in the eyes of one always accustomed to the English style.

where it is generally thought good taste to leave the hair and figure as unrestrained in youth as neatness and elegance will permit; and the manners as little modified by fashion as the necessary attention to politeness will allow.

Sophie felt at once, that she could love Rozette; neither did it enter into her mind, as she was so pleasing and amiable, to doubt that all might not be exactly as it ought to be with regard to those principles which she had been taught to consider of the first importance. However, before they parted, Madame St. Clair promised to call again, although she did not invite Sophie to her house; for which she afterwards accounted to her daughter, by saying, that she did not like the appearance of Sophie, as it regarded health. "That dear child," she said, "exhibits some symptoms as if she would not be long on this earth. Such extreme delicacy of complexion is not natural; it is too like that of her mother, at her age, only more in the ex-

" You must belong to our re-union, Sophie," said Rozette. " Mama says, indeed, that you ought to be considered as one of us already, because you are the daughter of her own dear little Sophie Levrat ; her little fair young friend, as my mama calls her : for my mama loved your mama as much as I mean to love you, my little Sophie. And you must get your youngest cousin, Juliette, to recommend you, being of your own age, Sophie ; for I am too old, you know. You are not ten, and I am turned thirteen. Your eldest cousin is the senior of the society, by some months. If she says she is full fourteen, tell her that she lies under a slight mistake. Mama knows her age, and will stand to it ; so you will be sure to have her on your side."

" I do not understand you, Rozette," replied Sophie.

" Tenez, tenez, écoutez," exclaimed Rozette. " Voila le fait, Pauline does not wish you to be of our society : she told me

so before she went to Paris. She says you are—" And Rozette laughed, and blushed, and hesitated.

"What?" asked Sophie.

"A—a—" replied Rozette; "but I must not tell you."

"Yes, you may," said Sophie.

"A momiere," returned Rozette; "*une petite momiere.*"

"What is that?" asked Sophie.

"Ah! you don't know—*n'importe*," said Rozette; "but, to return to our society, I will tell you all about it;" and she entered into a full detail of the laws and ordinances of the assembly, which it would be but a repetition to give again in this place.

"And what do you do, when you meet?" asked Sophie. "Do you read the Bible?"

"Ah! ah!" returned Rozette, laughing. "What should we do, do you think, Sophie? But you may be quite assured that we conduct ourselves with the greatest propriety,

and with the utmost attention to all the ordinances of society."

"I suppose," said Sophie, "that these assemblies are something like our Sunday meetings in England. To be sure there were only three of us—Lucy and Emily Seymour, and myself—but we used to meet every Sunday evening;" and the tears came into Sophie's eyes, as she mentioned the beloved names of her little friends.

"Well," said Rozette, "we will speak of these things no more at present, dear Sophie; I did not mean to awaken sad remembrances."

"They are not sad, they are sweet," replied Sophie; I love to talk of them. Shall I tell you how we lived in England? Shall I describe Lucy and Emily to you?" And without waiting any answer, she proceeded to expatiate on many of the happy and holy hours she had spent with those her earliest friends; but in proportion as she proceeded, Rozette became thoughtful, and the colour rose in

her clear dark cheek ; for, like many of her country-women, she had sparkling black eyes, and a complexion of a delicate brown. At length, starting up from her seat, for they were sitting in a verandah, which looked over a charming country towards the mountains, “ I must go now, Sophie,” she said ; “ *la Bonne* is waiting for me in the carriage, and I wish you would not speak again of those Sunday evenings, or of those little girls : it gives me pain in the heart to hear of those things ; but farewell till our next meeting, my little Sophie ;” and she kissed both her cheeks, and ran down the stone steps, which led up without the house into the balcony.

Sophie wondered for an instant at the strangeness of her manner, but thought no more of it ; for Aleine was come to see her from the mountains, and had only waited to come up till the young lady was departed.

Whilst Sophie was at her uncle’s country-house, a period which endured from November till the end of May—for so long her

uncle's family remained at Paris—she enjoyed much peace. Her mornings were spent with her masters, and sometimes diversified by a visit from Rozette, or Madame St. Clair; though, after the conversation above cited, mademoiselle never came alone, but always with her governess, or her mother, and never entered into very particular conversation with her little friend, though she was invariably kind. She dined early, and afterwards walked, or sate with Janet, reading the Scriptures to her, as she was knitting, or playing and singing hymns to her, accompanying herself on the harp; and in the evening, she was commonly well wrapt up, and taken by Janet and the *gouvernante* in the little covered carriage belonging to her uncle, to one of those places of worship in and near Geneva, which are so well known, and so dear to those persons in that neighbourhood, who are attached to the old doctrines of the reformers. I shall not point out precisely, and by name, the places of these little assemblies of the

children of God, although the ways which led to them have often been trodden by my foot, and although I have loved to think and feel that I shall yet meet those whom I have met *there*, and probably shall meet no more on earth, in the presence of that blessed Saviour, who has thus called these his sheep out of darkness into that path which shall shine more and more, until it break forth into the glorious light of perfect day. There are many in these assemblies who may have observed the figure of Sophie, and those of her less remarkable companions, mingling with the congregation ; for little Sophie once seen, could not be easily forgotten, delicate as she always was, and singularly lovely, and dressed in deep mourning, her beautiful hair not as yet tortured *à la chinois*, hanging in glossy ringlets from beneath her bonnet of crape ; but those that have seen her in those assemblies will see her no more till they behold her blazing as a diamond in the crown of Him in whom she was brought to place a confidence as entire, as

perfect, as that which the infant feels for the mother who gives him his first pure sustenance.

How much little Sophie enjoyed these evening assemblies, it would be difficult to say ; yet how much the simple instructions she there received, tended, with God's blessing, to confirm her in the holy way, will appear hereafter. But I should mention, that one evening, late in the season, scarcely, indeed, a month before the return of M. Prevot and his family, as the little party were coming out of one of these places of worship, in the town, a number of the lower sort were gathered round the door, shouting and singing, and amongst these, a great boy, pushing between Sophie and the *gouvernante*, forced back the bounet of the former, crying out—on seeing the dress and air of the little lady—and exclaiming, “ *Ah une momiere de plus ! Une momiere de bon ton !* ” On which, a number of the mob, joining in a chorus, sung what follows :—

“ Encore une momiere de plus !

“ Dans l’école !

“ Qu’on enrolé !

“ Encore une momiere de plus !

“ Bien que coute des ecus ! ”

Janet and the gouvernante soon succeeded in getting Sophie out of the crowd, and placing her in the carriage. And as they drove away, the child was anxious to know what all the noise was about. “ What is a momiere, nurse ? ” she said. “ Am I a momiere ? I remember now that Madame St. Clair said I was one ; and the people here say I am one. What do they mean ? ”

Janet could not help laughing at the simplicity of the question, yet thought it right to explain to the little girl that this word was meant as a term of reproach, and probably signified one who made a mummary of religion, or pretended to be more pious than he really wished to be.

“ For what should any one do that ? ” replied Sophie. “ Why should we try to seem

more religious than we are, when we only get laughed at for it? But, dear nurse, I am sorry for these poor people who laugh at such things; and I am sorry for Rozette. I wish, nurse, that every body I love were religious enough to be called a momiere."

Janet joined in the wish, and the subject was then dropped, till a few days afterwards, when a certain elderly single lady, who was acquainted with Madame Prevot, called at the country-house where little Sophie was, and, asking to see the gouvernante, she reproved her sharply, for having taken Mademoiselle Roquenord to a place where she was liable to meet with such insults as she had encountered some days before. "I shall certainly," she added, "inform Madame Prevot of what has happened, in order that things of this kind may be prevented in future."

The poor gouvernante was alarmed, and begged the busy lady to spare her, promising she would herself tell Madame, when she ar-

rived, of what had happened at the door of the chapel.

“ Yes,” said the lady, whom we shall call Mademoiselle Fleury, “ you will tell your own story your own way, I have no doubt. However, as I am the very last person who would choose to injure any one, or meddle with any other person’s concerns, I shall say nothing of this story at the door of the chapel to Madame Prevot, or of the great insult passed on the young lady, in calling her a momiere, which is, by-the-by, the very last epithet which ought to be bestowed on a young lady of high family, such as that of Mademoiselle Roquenord : nor shall I bring your name forward, my good woman, since you wish it ; but I shall, in general terms, put my friend on her guard against these momieres, for the young lady will wholly lose her place in society if her name is ever again connected with those poor creatures : therefore, rest at ease ; I will not injure you.”

The poor gouvernante, who had been fright-

ened out of her wits, bowed and bowed, and courtseyed and courtseyed, attending the lady to the very gate of the avenue, thanking her for her kind consideration, and promising that the young lady's reputation should not again be exposed to such danger as it had already incurred. Nevertheless, Mademoiselle Fleury walked on to Geneva, calling on several of her friends by the way, telling every one she knew of the prudent step she had taken in defence of Sophie's reputation, and thus doing all that in her lay to connect the name of the little girl with that of the sect so much despised, and, in fact, with so much success, that from that day Sophie was better known by those who were not particularly intimate with her family by the name of the little *momiere de bon ton*, than by that of her own father.

But this visit of Mademoiselle Fleury had so disconcerted the poor *gouvernante*, that she took good care that henceforward, whenever Janet proposed to take Sophie to any

place of worship, the carriage should not be at her disposal.

Things, however, did not long remain in this state; for a letter arrived very shortly afterwards, giving directions for the immediate reception of the family, the house in la Traille being seldom occupied by it during the summer. Janet did not leave her little girl till the very morning of the expected arrival. My reader may be assured that the separation was a painful one, and that it did not take place without a solemn act of prayer, in which Janet implored the divine assistance for the continual support of her little one, or rather, I should say, in an act of thanksgiving, for the support which she was well assured would be granted in every circumstance of trial. Suffice it to say, that the sources of Sophie's tears were hardly closed, when the train of carriages, which brought back her aunt, her cousins, and the *filles de chambre*, drove up to the gate. Sophie had not yet seen her cousins, nor have I yet de-

scribed them : they were three in number ; two born before the marriage of Madame Roquenord, and one since. This last was a coteremporary of her cousin. The eldest of these was called Pauline, after her mother ; the other two were named Celie and Juliette.

These young people had been early introduced into society ; and hence had obtained that manner, so much admired by some, and so much disliked by others. We profess to describe things precisely as we saw them, and not to be too prompt in intruding our own opinions. It is of little consequence whether we are or are not admirers of that perfect confidence and *nonchalance* ; that entire freedom from embarrassment ; that set expression of countenance ; that firmness of step and correctness of carriage, which the usages of the world give to young people ; it is enough for us to say, that the young ladies in question, having possessed these qualifications in a superior degree, whilst



still residing at Geneva, where, of course, they mingled with the children of the highest families, they had lost none of them by the winter's residence in Paris, where they had also learned to arrange their dresses according to the last and most approved taste of that polished capital.

When Sophie first saw them, they were grouped upon the steps of the portico, giving directions respecting their packages, which the servants were bringing in from the carriages. Though the eldest of these was nearly as tall as her mother, they all wore trowsers, ruffled about the heels, having short, full, white frocks, which scarcely reached below the knee, the bodies being long, and closely compressed round the waist; a pelerine or tippet being over the shoulders, with immense wide flaps hanging over the upper part of the arms; the hair forced up from the face *à la chinois*, terminated by a huge tortoiseshell comb: for they had thrown off their head

dresses. And being thus attired, they were uttering their commands, as persons do who are accustomed to be obeyed.

The play of the features was once thought the chief beauty of the youthful face. And yet it may be as well that smiles, if they are of any value, should not be lavished on every object; and never, indeed, bestowed, excepting where there is a decided call for them. Sophie, however, as she ran forward to meet her cousins, might have been consoled, considering her friendless situation, by some little acknowledgment of sympathy of this description. And yet, perhaps, it were quite as well that she should be made to know at once what she had to expect from her cousins, who were by no means prepared to give her their confidence; for she was not of their coterie—neither was it their wish that she ever should. They had already had several arguments with their mother, who insisted that Sophie should be proposed as a member of her daughters' Sunday evening assembly, in-

forming them of the promise which her sister had exacted from her and the mothers of the young ladies who composed the society; and adding, that, as her sister was no more, Monsieur Prevot had decided, that it was a compliment which ought to be paid to her memory.

These arguments had been often introduced, and carried on with much vehemence, and had, at length, been terminated by the father of the family, who, hinting his will, begged that nothing more might be said on the subject.

The reception which Monsieur and Madame Prevot gave to Sophie, was considerably more kind than that of her cousins; nevertheless, she presently fell into a sort of routine of life in which very little notice was taken of her; though she had nothing to complain of, had she been inclined to complain, excepting that she was left alone—entirely alone; overlooked in conversation—ever considered in any family arrangement, but in the light of an appendage, and seldom at-

tended to when she ventured to speak ; but there was no actual unkindness on the part of any one. She was allowed every comfort, and every advantage of masters, &c. But man in paradise could not feel happy without a help-meet ; and little Sophie had none. No one to whom she could speak her thoughts—to whom she could run and tell her little troubles, or to whom she could impart her little joys, unless it was the worthy gouvernante, who never failed to visit her every night in her little cabinet, where she slept alone, to tuck her up and kiss her, and sometimes to bring her a bunch of grapes, or a plate of strawberries. But, soon after the return of the family, there arose an increasing reserve and formality in the manner of Madame Prevot towards her niece ; the cause of which at length explained itself—Sophie having given the occasion, by a petition which she made to be permitted to go to a chapel in Pré l'Eveque.

Madame Prevot was sitting in her draw-

ing-room, on a sofa of cut velvet, having her foot on an embroidered stool, and her needle-work lying before her on a superb table with golden claws, her daughters being seated at their drawing at another table, when the little girl, still wearing her deep mourning, and having her hair still hanging in their natural ringlets, (for it had been privately settled, by the aunt and her milliner and waiting-maid, that the dress of the orphan should not be re-modelled till it could be done with advantage, when her mourning was to be cast aside,) came gently forwards, and modestly advanced her request.

Madame Prevot coloured, and, as it were to gain time, made her repeat her request.

"Are you not content with the instruction you receive in the place of worship to which you go, in company with your own family, Sophie?" said Madame Prevot.

Sophie looked down, and blushed.

"You do not answer," remarked Madame Prevot.

Sophie looked up, and replied, "Dear aunt, do not be displeased ! I will tell you the plain truth. I know you love the truth. Mama always told me that the truth is the best at all times. I do not like the church we go to."

"Indeed," said Madame Prevot, "you are very young, I should think, to have opinions of your own on these subjects."

"Of course," remarked Pauline, "they are not her own opinions ; they are derived from some other source than her own mind : there can be no question of that."

"You have been listening to Janet Keller," said Madame Prevot ; "and the fault is mine, Sophie, for leaving you so long with her : but I thought only of your health and comfort. Mademoiselle Fleury made me sensible of my error, immediately on my return. I ought to have considered the very singular opinions which are attributed to Janet, before I trusted you with her. Yet I could hardly have thought that a young lady of your rank



in life would have been influenced so far as you appear to have been, Sophie, by a woman so low—though worthy, in her way—as Janet Keller. But enough, and too much of this, Mademoiselle Roquenord. You will please, as long as you are under my protection, to go with me, where I and your uncle think it right you should go. I do not admire that sort of religion which makes young people despise the opinions of their elders.”

“ But mama,” said Sophie,—and was proceeding, when her aunt interrupted her, saying,—

“ No more of this, Sophie; you hear what I say. But do not fancy that I am harsh to the child of a dear sister,” she added, as if recollecting herself. “ Give me a kiss, Sophie, and permit me to judge for you till you are of an age to judge for yourself.”

Sophie advanced to kiss her aunt, but it was with a swelling heart. And the cold embrace which she received, did not tend to remove the pressure she felt on her

breast. Nor did she find herself relieved till she had wept long in her own room, and had, on her knees, besought the guidance of her heavenly Father. Peace was then restored to her soul; and it was put into her mind, that, as obedience to her aunt was her first and obvious duty, she should endeavour to serve her God in her own little chamber, and quietly wait for better times.

But little Sophie had scarcely left the presence of her aunt, when that lady allowed those feelings to burst forth, which she had hardly restrained in the presence of her niece: "Just as Mademoiselle Fleury said!—these momieres have poisoned the mind of the child, and rendered her wiser in her own eyes than all who ever went before her."

"I wish you had asked her why she did not like our church," said Pauline.

"What! have asked the opinions of such a child as that?" returned Madame Prevot. "Truly, Pauline, I should have been wise in so doing."

“ But I should have liked to have known what she would have said,” replied the daughter.

“ Well, ask her yourself, then,” said Madame Prevot. “ She has very likely got some of their arguments by heart. She is a quick child, and a thinking child ; and I dare presume that she has more to say for herself than you may imagine.”

“ But what do the momieres believe ?” asked Juliette. “ I should like to know where they are different from us, mama ? ”

“ Really, Juliette,” replied Madame Prevot, “ I do not understand these matters ; neither do I desire to understand them. I am contented with my own church, and my own modes of worship. I have no desire to be better than all the good people who ever went before me ; and, in consequence, to despise all my neighbours, as these people do. But truly I should be glad to dismiss this subject ; and, upon second thoughts, I desire you, Pauline, not to revive the subject with your

cousin. There was a good deal of determination in her manner just now; and had I said another word, she would have spoken out, I saw, and declared herself persecuted. And then we should have had a scene;—and of all things in the world, I dislike tragedies of this kind.”

Thus closed this affair; and as the summer had commenced, so it terminated, without any increase of intimacy between the cousins. And although the house was constantly filled with company, Sophie was kept so much in the back ground, that she formed no acquaintances independent of her cousins: neither did she seem anxious so to do; for her favourite Rozette was not in the neighbourhood.

At the close of the summer season, many families, who had either been travelling, or at their country-houses, returned to the town; and Monsieur Prevot's family also removed to la Traille. There little Sophie fell in love

with a small chamber, commanding the fine valley spoken of before, which is enclosed within the Saleves, the Chain of Zion, the Jura, and the Vouache. This cabinet opened by a glass door, or rather double window, on the flat roof of the house; and on the other side, rather hung over the walk: it had a small bed, in an alcove, and a marble chimney-piece, over which hung a little oil painting, representing Sophie's mother, as an infant, seated on the floor, by the side of a cradle: there was no merit in the painting whatever. And there were other likenesses of Madame Roquenord in the house of much more value; but this one had such charms for Sophie, that she begged to be permitted to have the little chamber which contained it. The favour was immediately granted by her uncle, in whose presence she had asked it; and here she presently established herself, and had the pleasure to think, that here she never could look from her windows



without seeing those mountains which her parents so often described, as if speaking of old and very dear friends.

And now we are about to enter upon a new scene in the annals of little Sophie. The time of her mourning had expired ; the friend who loved her mother best in all that country, with the exception of the faithful Janet, was returned to Geneva, viz. Madame St. Clair, and with her her pleasing daughter ; and Madame Prevot, to whom, if we may not attribute a better motive, began to feel that it would not be to her credit any longer to seem to make any difference between Juliette and Sophie, who were of the same age, under the observation of so many ladies who had been intimately connected with her sister, now began to change her manner, being further instigated to this change of conduct by the hope that Sophie had lost the bent towards peculiar notions, as they regard religion, given her by Janet ; for it seems that she had been led to take that method most

likely to succeed with a young mind, in never permitting the subject to be revived after the discussion spoken of above. The daughters, too, had been brought to vary a little from the coldness of their manner towards their cousin, partly from seeing that their conduct had not pleased their father, (for men, in general, cannot enter into the little cabals of women,) and partly from seeing so very different a manner in their friend Rozette. And thus, from various causes, the situation of Sophie being ameliorated, as it regarded external circumstances, there is little doubt but that the moment of trial was near at hand, and that it was soon to be decided, whether he that was with her was stronger than he that was against her ; for we count not her own strength in the struggle more than as dust in that balance in which the mountains are weighed.

Madame Prevot had been no sooner settled in her town-house, than she called a council of state ; her milliner and *fille de*

chambre being summoned on the occasion into her boudoir, to consider how Sophie might be made fit to be seen. The time was arrived in which the orphan might decently put off her mourning; and the Marchande de Modes had just pronounced her opinion that mademoiselle required a pair of stays, *fort balciné*, and that her *boucles*, alias curls, were altogether out of all good taste, when Madame St. Clair and her daughter were introduced. The milliner immediately applied to madame, as to a person of a very superior taste. On which, Madame St. Clair insisted on the preservation of the curls in their natural state for a few months longer, (adding, for in truth I know not how we can improve that which nature has done so well,) though she yielded to the stays, to the great horror of little Sophie, who already began to breathe with difficulty at the bare thought of them; but then, as the milliner said, it would be impossible to make any dress to fit mademoiselle, with-

out something of the kind : and even Madame St. Clair was so blinded by fashion, that she really thought that the simple, easy, and therefore graceful figure of Sophie would look better if trussed up in these cruel bandages.

These great points being settled, several girls were introduced into the apartment, bringing silks and tulles and blonds and artificial flowers, and a thousand other varieties, the very names of which Sophie had never heard ; and this was discussed, and that examined ; and this ~~was~~ declared *comme il faut*, and that decided to be *tout au contraire*, till the little girl being bewildered and fatigued, sate down in a corner, just in that humour which we must all have felt, not knowing whether to be pleased at being the object of so much attention, or vexed to be tormented by such a variety of needless cares and troubles.

There happened to be placed near where she sate, a band-box of artificial flowers,

roses, and lilies, and jasmine, very fair to look at indeed, but such as, with all their beauty, would never have attracted a single bee ; for there is no honey in the imitations which man makes of the flowers of the field. And as she sate in the mood I have described above, she took up one and another of these gay garlands, and turned them listlessly round her arm ; and whilst thus employed, (if we may use the word,) Rozette came up to her, and, tapping her upon the back,—“ Well, my little Sophie,” she said, “ I am glad to see so great a change in you ; you will be one of us very soon ; you have been proposed and accepted in our society ; and next Sunday you are to be introduced. There were some, indeed, who objected, not on account of your birth in England, for your family is, you know, entirely Genevese, and your dear mama was a member of the society to which our mothers belong ; but on account of that foolish story set on foot by Mademoiselle Fleury : but I stood up for

you, and defended your cause, and absolutely denied the charge."

"What story?" asked Sophie; "and what charge, Rozette? I do not understand what you mean."

"Nay, don't redden in that way," said Rozette, laughing; "but I am very anxious, and so is my mama, that you should appear to advantage before the young ladies, for the first time especially. When they know you, I am sure they will love you, as I do, my dear Sophie; but then—that busy, talking body, to have set that foolish tale afloat, when I dare say you only went because the old woman took you."

"Really, dear Rozette," replied Sophie, "you must explain yourself better; for I do not know what you are talking about."

"Indeed!" replied Mademoiselle St. Clair. "Are you in earnest? Don't you understand me? Well, listen then, and I will tell you. In the first place, my mama was determined, because of a promise she had made

to Madame Roquenord before she went to England, that you should be received into our society. Your aunt and uncle also thought it would be a proper compliment to your mama's memory. Now you must know that you could not have been received, if you had been younger than the youngest of us. Your cousin Juliette is our youngest member, and you are two months older than she is; therefore it was agreed that she should propose you; and she did so, by her father's orders, last Sunday, but, I can tell you, with so bad a grace, that, had I not been present, (and you must know that I am a sort of leader in the society,) you would have been black-balled."

"What is that?" asked Sophie.

"Oh, you young thing!" exclaimed Rozette, "you know nothing. How you look and wonder, till your very eyes water!—just as mama says,—if it were not for your height, any one might fancy, from the expression of your features, that you were not five years

old. You have lived in England, till you have got the English face, as they say in Paris. The English girls have complexions of cream, and hair of silk, and look like so many wax dolls. But I love you, too, for your very singularity;—but where was I? Oh, at the black beans. Being black-balled, or black-beaned, means being rejected. You would have been rejected by the society, as I was saying, if it had not been for me. I was determined, and I earned the day, in spite of them; but do you know what objection was raised against you?”

“No,” replied Sophie, “I don’t know.”

“I think I shall not tell you,” resumed Rozette; “because I am sure you do not deserve it now, though at one time, indeed, I did believe it; but I think you are changed.”

“What can you mean?” asked Sophie.

“Why,” replied Mademoiselle St. Clair, “if I must tell you the truth, I did at one time think that you were, in your heart, what some people call you. In short, I believed

that you were neither more nor less than *une petite momiere* ; but now I think that I was, even then, mistaken."

Had Mademoiselle St. Clair struck Sophie on the head, she could not have recoiled with more horror than she did on hearing these words, " But now I think that I was even then mistaken ! " This remark happening (if any thing on earth can be said to be a work of chance) to agree so entirely with certain vague apprehensions which for a few days past had occurred to her own mind, viz. that her feelings, as it regarded religion, were on the decline. Not that she doubted the love of God for herself, but that she felt that the world was creeping in between herself and her Redeemer—the Redeemer of her parents, her friend and Father, He to whom she owed her being and her salvation ;—and it was agony to her when she found that these apprehensions were confirmed by the observations of others.

In the anguish of her heart, she dropped

the garland of roses which she held in her hand into the box ; and, placing her closed palms together in her lap, she inwardly repeated these words : “ Father, I have sinned against heaven, and before Thee, and am no more worthy to be called thy child.” Rozette, who was standing opposite to her; looked intently at her, during this moment of silent feeling, trying to read her countenance, and yet being able to make no other of it, but that she was offended.

Mademoiselle St. Clair was one of the fairest examples of what a benevolent disposition and a polished education, without religion, can effect ; it was extremely disagreeable to her to give pain to any one : and she thought that she had touched her little friend in the tenderest point. “ She does not like to be called a momiere,” she thought. “ I have done wrong to mention the word.” But no proper apology suggesting itself, she was glad to be called away by her mother, and to have only a moment wherein to kiss her

little friend, and to assure her that she hoped to meet her on the next Sunday evening.

In the meantime, the *Marchande des Modes* and *les Chiffons* having all disappeared, Sophie gladly escaped to her little chamber, where she gave way to a shower of tears. "And am I no longer worthy to be called a *momiere*?" she said. "Oh!—then I do not belong to my dear Redeemer any more; and yet I am wrong to say so. I am his, and he is mine; and if I have forgotten him, and thought of the world, he has not forgotten me." The little girl then, taking down her hymn-book, presently found the following verse.

Je suis donc pour toujours la Brebis retrouvéé,
Pour toujours, O Jesus, tu voulus m'acquérir,
C'est pour l'éternité que mon âme est sauvée,
Ton esprit est en moi : non, je ne peut mourir.

Sophie had begun to weep, with a sense of bitterness; but by degrees her painful feelings passed quite away. She was preparing a little box of remembrances for her dear

young friends in England, which her uncle had promised to forward for her. She had almost concluded her arrangements : but there was yet something to be done—something more to be added to her communications. And presently in this employment and in that feeling—that feeling so far above all present enjoyments—that her heavenly Father smiled again upon her, though he had caused a momentary grief. The rest of the morning, and indeed the whole afternoon, wore away, with the short interruption of dinner, with so much peace to the little girl, that she was quite surprised to see the golden glow which tinted the heights of Jura, at the moment of the setting of the sun ; neither was her peace disturbed by a strong argument which took place that evening in her presence, between her cousins, respecting some little affair of their own, in which the eldest chose to dictate, and the two others were resolved not to submit. Neither could it be wondered at, if, in her dreams that night,



she fancied herself again in the bower at the bottom of Mr. Seymour's garden, with Lucy and Emily, and awoke, thinking of them, and of the elder friends, who had there contributed so largely to the happiness of her life. She was to walk the next morning with her cousins, and their governess.

There was some object in this walk, which has not been told me; but when they were setting out, there was an extremely thick fog rising from the lake, which was soon afterwards succeeded by violent heat from the sun breaking through and entirely dispersing the fog; so that Sophie, whose constitution was particularly delicate, was exposed to the two extremes of damp and heat. The little party also met with some delays, by which they were compelled to walk rapidly back again; and as they came up the ascent to la Traille, Sophie experienced a very peculiar sensation, by which her breathing seemed affected.

“ Oh ! stop a moment ! ” she said to her cousins. “ I cannot walk so fast.”

“ We are too late already, mademoiselle,” said the governess ; “ and madame will be angry.” So saying, she drew Sophie forward. And when the child got to her own room, she became so ill, that la Bonne thought it best to lay her on her bed, and rub her temples with hartshorn. Soon, however, she seemed better ; but the next day, these same corsets, being brought home, they were laced upon her, and she complained very much of uneasiness in her chest, which those about her attributing to the stays, assured her that in a few days she would feel the uneasiness no more.

Little Sophie was young ; and not having a maternal friend, to whom to confide her little feelings,—a friend who would have understood them, or, not understanding, would have looked into them,—it never occurred to her as singular, that the pain which she

thought originated from this new article of dress, never gave way when it was taken off, but continued to trouble her during the night, insomuch so, that she often awoke gasping for breath, and could take no rest without raising her pillow against the back of her bed. The truth was, that her chest was slightly inflamed; but that, child-like, she attributed the symptoms to the barbarous infliction of the fashionable corset.

In the mean time, though little Sophie enjoyed a peculiar degree of peace in her own chamber, and on her bed, yet in the company of her aunt and cousins she appeared more than usually serious, her mind being forcibly and divinely drawn to other subjects than those which occupied them.

"Sophie is not pleased," remarked Juliette one morning; "she has never been pleased since Rozette offended her."

"How did she offend her?" asked Madame Prevot.

“ By talking to her about the momieres,” replied Juliette.

“ Absurd ! ” said Madame Prevot. “ I do not believe a word of it ; Sophie has more sense.”

At that instant their cousin entered the room ; and Juliette, addressing her, said, “ Sophie, is it true that Rozette offended you the other day ? ”

“ I don’t remember,” replied Sophie.

“ On Monday, when she called with her mama, she said something to you which made you cry ; you cried all day,” said Juliette.

“ No, I did not cry all day, cousin,” answered Sophie.

“ Then she did say something you did not like,” returned Juliette. “ Did not she call you a momiere ? ”

Sophie reddened violently, and the tears started in her eyes ; but she did not speak.

“ Ah ! *la petite momiere*,” rejoined Juliette. “ She called you *la petite momiere de bon*

~~ten~~; did not she? You know that is what they call you at Geneva."

"The flower and pride of the momieres," subjoined Celie, laughing, and adding from the song,—

Encore une momiere, une momiere de plus!

"Permit me to remark," said Madame Prevot, "that you are forgetting your politeness, young lady; we have had enough of this jest, which, in truth, has not common sense. And if Mademoiselle St. Clair revived it, I cannot say that I approve of her having so done."

"Oh, my dear aunt!" replied Sophie; "you are mistaken. Mademoiselle St. Clair did not call me a momiere."

"What then did she say which displeased you, Sophie?" asked her aunt.

"She said," replied the little girl, "that she believed that she had been mistaken when she supposed me to be—to be—" And then she hesitated.

"What?" said Madame Prevot hastily.

"Oh, a momiere! What else?" exclaimed Juliette. "Don't you know that they are all proud of the name?"

"The name is nothing," said Sophie; "but, Juliette, you do not understand me."

"No, indeed I do not," replied the young lady, shrugging up her shoulders, and interchanging looks with her mother and sisters.

"You do not understand—" returned the little girl—"you who are living with your dear papa and mama in the house where you were born—you do not understand what it is to be so far away from the place where those dear parents are who had the care of you when you were a baby."

Madame Prevot was silent and attentive; but the young people carried on the argument. "What," said Pauline, speaking for the first time, "has the death of your father and mother to do with your being a momiere or not a momiere?"

"If your papa and mama were in England,"

answered Sophie, gathering courage, should not you want to be there, cousin Pauline?"

"Yes, perhaps I might," answered the young lady.

"And you would want to know every thing about England," returned Sophie.

"May be so," answered Pauline; "but what then?"

"Why," replied Sophie, "my heart is where my dear papa and mama are; and I feel that by being what they call here a momiere, I am more certain of being taken to where they are, because the people called momieres know the way, and they speak of that way in their churches, and sing of it in their hymns, and talk of it in their common discourse, and I am happy with them, and in their company."

A forced laugh from the young people followed this remark; but Madame Prevot was evidently affected in a much more gracious manner. She extended a hand to her niece, and, drawing her towards her, kissed her

more affectionately than she had ever before done ; adding, “ Well, my dear little orphan girl, I trust that you will find in me and your uncle, friends who will make up to you what you have lost in your dear parents ; but go now and compose yourself : it is Saturday, and your harp-master will be here presently. I shall chide your cousins for introducing these subjects. They are giddy young things, and have known no troubles.” Thus she dismissed her niece : and she was scarcely out of hearing before she began to reprove her daughters, saying that she entirely disapproved of jesting upon such subjects as those under consideration that morning. “ My own mind,” she said, “ has long been made up, as it regards religion. I was brought up according to the faith of our excellent church, as established in this city, which is entirely agreeable to what you find in our very superior catechism. What the opinions of these people called momieres may be I shall not give myself the trouble to ex-



amine ; though I understand that they consider faith as being all in all, and good works as wholly unimportant. By which, as you may easily understand, they open the door to every species of licentiousness, although I do not know that, as far as I have heard, any breaches of morality have as yet been alleged against them. However, as I before said, I cannot consider these as proper subjects of ridicule in genteel society ; and I do beg that I may never hear any farther reference made to them, or to that ridiculous song, which you have continually in your mouths."

" *Les momieres de bon ton*, mama, do you mean ? " asked Juliette pertly.

" You understand me," replied Madame Prevot.

" Very well, mama," returned the young lady ; I promise you. But you will permit me to play the air of *Ah le bel Oiseau* ; and I promise you that when I play it, I will not think of Sophie." And here terminated the conversation.

The next morning was Sunday. The assembly of young ladies was to take place that day at Madame Prevot's. Sophie had been extremely uncomfortable during the night, with the same painful sense of difficulty of breathing which she had experienced for several nights. She had placed her bolster and pillow in fifty forms to find relief; she had had many short slumbers, and many uneasy dreams. Sometimes she saw her mama in her dreams, and sometimes her papa; but they were not as they used to be. Then she was walking and talking with Lucy and Emily; and then a high mountain would rise between them. It was now the Jura, and now the Saleve, and now Mont Blanc; and its top rose far above the clouds,—it could never be passed. Then there was a fire burning near her bed, and the smoke was suffocating her. But towards the morning, she had a longer sleep, and more pleasing dreams, and she fancied herself in the Valley of Monetier, following Aleine, who was

driving the cows to water, at a fountain from which the stream gushed in sparkling torrents.

When Sophie awoke from this last sleep, a sense of thirst made her run to drink from a gugglet, which stood in the chamber, and she was there made aware, by the sound of many bells answering each other as it were from the different steeples, that it was time to dress.

But these corsets were to be put on again and laced, and it was the day in which she was to be introduced to the assembly, and one of her new dresses was to be put on, and her mourning laid aside. "Ah!" thought she, "my mama has lain one year in her grave, and this day twelvemonth was the first Sunday I spent in the mountains; it was a sweet Sunday. I remember what Josseline taught me that day. Good Josseline! I love poor Josseline. He and mama were babes at the same time, both sitting on Janet's knees. But oh! these stays, how they make my

heart ache ; but I shall not feel them by and bye, they say." The servant coming in to dress her, disturbed these thoughts. " You are late, mademoiselle," she said ; " Madame is already at breakfast. But are you well ? What a colour you have in your cheeks."

" It is these stays, Marianne," replied Sophie ; " they hurt me so. I have never been comfortable since I had them."

" Oh, mademoiselle !" exclaimed the servant ; " don't let madame hear you say so. A pretty young lady like you must wear *des corps ballonnés*. How are your dresses to set properly without them ? And this evening all the young ladies are to be here ; and some of them, I can tell you, are particularly genteel, and most elegant in their dresses : but not more elegant than you and our young ladies will be. For I have seen the dresses you are to wear ; they are all alike. But, mademoiselle, surely you will not wear your hair in that barbarous mode ?" and she threw her hands carelessly across

Sophie's curls. "You look, in this fashion, like a little Savoyard just caught from the mountains. It must necessarily be arranged *à la chinois, c'est à ce qu'on m'a dit la dernière mode.*" Thus she ran on; and having finished the toilet, she threw open the window to examine the state of the weather; she exclaimed, "*Ah quel Brouillard affreux bah!* One can hardly breathe!—not a ray of sunshine this blessed morn." And truly the open doors exhibited one of those very thick fogs, to which the city of Geneva is too often liable, from its vicinity to its beautiful lake; an inconvenience often much felt by strangers, although the natives do not appear to be injured by it. But whilst Marianne was thus exclaiming, Sophie had ran down to the room where the family were at breakfast, and at the same time deeply engaged in discussing the arrangements for the evening.

"I wish we might dance," were the words which Sophie first heard as she entered.

"You know it will not do, Juliette," replied the mother.

"Why now, mama, you know you danced in your time," answered the young lady.

"But I tell you that it is thought better to omit it now," answered the mother. "People are more scrupulous than they were, about these things."

"Why, what is the harm of dancing?" asked Juliette.

Madame Prevot directed the eyes of her daughter to Sophie, who was beginning to pay her morning compliments to her aunt. On which, Juliette turned to her elder sister, and whispered, "*Ah le Bel Oiseau.*"

Pauline laughed, and looked as if she understood the allusion; and a silence followed, broken by Madame Prevot, who remarked to Sophie, that she must be dressed by a certain hour in the evening; "for you know, my dear," she added, "that you are to be introduced to the society to-day."

.. “How long do the young ladies stay, aunt?” said Sophie.

“That is as it may happen,—but not late,” replied the aunt; “you will not be kept up after your usual time.”

“What are we to do, ma’am, when we are met?” asked Sophie. “Am I to take my French Bible into the saloon?”

It required the severest look which Monsieur Prevot could command to repress the laughter which was about to burst from the young ladies at this unexpected inquiry. It seemed, however, that Madame Prevot was not inclined to laugh. I do not pretend to say what she felt; but she looked unaffectedly serious when she answered, “Observe what your cousins do, dear child, and do the same.”

Sophie replied, “I will, aunt;” and the subject dropped.

Nothing particular happened during the day. Madame Prevot observed, that Sophie did not look quite well, and directed her

to stay in her own room whilst the family went to church. Sophie felt relieved by this order; she went up to her little chamber, and there, whilst she was reading her Bible, an unexpected pleasure was provided for her, viz. a letter from her friends in England—a long, sweet, tender letter—a sort of pic-nic letter, in which every one of the family had written a part. It contained what Sophie had asked for some months before, viz. a very little picture of the bower, in which she had spent so many happy Sunday evenings with her friends. Oh, how did the sight of this renew the blessed associations connected with this bower! This little picture was as a volume full of holy lessons to the little solitary one. Yet, why should I call her a solitary one? Of what is solitude a type in Scripture?—of what but of the absence of God? Was Sophie solitary in that exalted sense? No. Her God was with her; she was not alone. His favour was as sunshine shed upon her heart.

When the family returned from church, the dinner was served : after which came the various little preparations for the evening. But Sophie had returned to her room to read her letter again, and to look at certain passages of Scripture, to which Mr. Seymour had directed her attention ; and these were to be carefully marked, both in her English and her French Bible,—for Sophie was equally familiar with both. And this employment continued till Marianne came in with her new dress hanging over her arm, and a candle in her hand.

“ Come, mademoiselle,” she said, “ there is no time to be lost ; these demoiselles have kept me below till it is almost too late.” And she immediately set to work to new model the person of little Sophie, exclaiming with delight every moment as she proceeded in metamorphorizing the little girl from a simple child, having no other ornament but what nature had given her, into a fashionable demoiselle, groaning bitterly, however, because she was

not permitted to arrange her hair *à la chinois*; the style of which may be easily understood by any one who will take the trouble of examining the portraits of the great grandmothers of the present Chinese beauties on any old piece of porcelaine which may be at hand.

But as I proceed with my history, I am continually reminded of the various and strange figures which arrange themselves on the tissue of human life,—wherein the grave, the gay, the solemn, and the ludicrous, often exhibit themselves at one point of view,—exciting in the breast of the beholder that most painful of feelings, viz. an inclination to laughter in the very house of mourning. And yet, to see this *fille de chambre*, as she threw aside with scorn the mourning dresses of the orphan, railing at her superiors, because she was not permitted to carry her system of disfigurement to the utmost extreme which a preposterous fashion chose to dictate, seemed so thoroughly out of place,

that it would have been difficult to have witnessed it in any mood, without a disposition to smile.

In the mean time, little Sophie was passive in the hands of the waiting-maid. She indeed, cast one sad, lingering glance after her black dress, as if it were all that remained to her of the memory of her mama, but took no further thought respecting what was going forward, only she said, "Marianne, what are we going to do this evening?"

"How should I know, mademoiselle," answered the *fille de chambre*, who had been cautioned not to be too communicative on that subject.

"Shall we read, Marianne, do you think?" asked Sophie.

"I cannot say, mademoiselle," said Marianne; "but I think they sometimes sing."

"Shall I take my hymn-book down in my sac?" asked Sophie. And she was on the point of taking one of her hymn-books from her book-case when Rozette and Juliette en-

tered the room, the former all blooming, with high spirits, the latter silent and reserved.

"Ah! you are ready, *ma petite*," said Mademoiselle St. Clair, "and you look charmingly; but what are you doing there? What have you got in your hand? A hymn-book, I declare. Come, put it down, and follow me; we are waiting to introduce you."

"Mademoiselle supposes," remarked Marianne, with that peculiar smile often to be observed in waiting-maids, "that her hymn-book may be wanted this evening."

"What for?" said Rozette.

"Marianne tells me," replied Sophie, "that you sometimes sing when you meet."

"Well, and what of that, my chicken?" asked Rozette. "Do you think that we sing hymns?"

"Yes!" returned Sophie. "Is not to-day Sunday?"

Rozette tapped her on the cheek, and;

drawing her arm under her's, she led her down to the door of the saloon, which was already splendidly illuminated; for Madame Prevot prided herself in having every thing in her house in the best style,—and the whole of the little party were already assembled. These young people were daughters of some of the highest families in the republic, and were, in consequence, perfectly polite in their manners, and amiable in their carriage. They were prepared to receive little Sophie with the utmost courtesy, and to express their pleasure at this addition to their society.

When the little bustle occasioned by the introduction of their new associate had passed, the conversation fell into its customary channels. Mademoiselle Prevot had much to tell of Paris—of the royal family, which she had seen several times during her residence in that capital—of Versailles and Fontainebleau, and of the various theatres and places of entertainment. Rozette had been in Italy during the summer; and she could talk of

Florence, and describe Val d'Arno and Vall' Ombrosa. It is common to hear young people, on the continent, speaking of these things. Had Sophie been older, she would have been surprised at the premature manner and self-possession of these little ladies: as it was, she could only draw back into herself with a sense of inferiority.

Whilst this discourse was passing, refreshments were brought in; after which, a large table was wheeled into the centre of the room, covered with a green cloth. On this table were several cases; and Pauline, as lady of the house, went round, and invited her friends to assemble round the table.

"What is this?" thought Sophie. "Are they going to read?" Accordingly, having been directed to do as others did, she advanced to the table with the rest, and took her seat by Rozette, whose kindness had considerably attracted her, having, as it happened, her cousin Pauline on the other side of her. Thus situated, she waited the open-

ing of the cases, expecting to see some new publications produced; instead of which, what should appear but several packs of cards.

"Cards!" exclaimed the little girl, springing from her chair, and starting from the table as if she had seen a serpent crawling on the green board.—"Cards!—and Sunday evening too! Oh, Rozette, I cannot stay."

Every eye was fixed upon her in amazement, and Pauline, seizing her hand, drew her forcibly back, reproving her severely.

"No, Pauline, no!" said the struggling child: "I will not—I cannot! Remember it is Sunday evening—the holy day, the day appointed for the service of our Lord!—no, I cannot, I will not stay. Let me go!" And she struggled vehemently.

"Sophie! Sophie!" said Rozette, attempting to take her other hand, "you forget yourself. Do, dear child, sit down; we are doing no harm.

“ No harm—no harm, dear Rosette !” replied the little orphan,—“ no harm ! Ah, dear young ladies !” she added, looking round the table, “ remember that this is a holy day,—a day devoted to the service of our God. And if we are to meet this day, should we not meet as Christian children, to read our Bibles, and to pray, and to think of our dear Saviour, and to learn his will, as we used to do in England, when I was a child—a very little child ?” proceeded Sophie, (bearing down all opposition, and breaking through all interruptions by the vehemence of her manner,) for at that moment she seemed to be above all earthly considerations. “ Oh, how sweet, how pleasant were those blessed Sunday evenings, when we read and prayed, and sang together : how sweet they are to think of now,—how much sweeter by-and-by !”

“ Sophie, are you mad ?” said Pauline
“ Sit down, and let us hear no more of this ;

but I expected something like it, and I told you so, Rozette : but sit down, Sophie, and let this nonsense be forgotten."

"No," replied Sophie, "no! — only let me go. I am sorry if I have been rude,—but only let me go." And she struggled so vehemently, that her cousin thought it best to part with her hand ; which being done, she flew from the room, and, running to her own chamber, fell upon her knees, with her face upon the bed.

In the mean time, as if with a strong effort, the young party repressed all bitter comments upon what had passed, Pauline apologized for her cousin, by saying that she hoped the young ladies would pardon her, as being a foreigner, and, in consequence, full of prejudices, and wholly unacquainted with polished manners. The apologies were, of course, accepted, and the cards were dealt. But what the little orphan had said, had chased all gaiety from every heart. Some individuals, indeed, endeavoured to smile ;

but what is more sad than gaiety which does not come from the heart? Sophie had spoken some solemn truths, and spoken them in an impressive, though simple manner. She had used example also, as well as precept. Neither had the words thus uttered by the lips of this sweet orphan been as dust scattered in the wind, but rather as seed falling where no doubt it will hereafter spring up a hundred fold. But of all the young party, no one seemed so deeply impressed as Mademoiselle St. Clair. It seemed that she could not recover her spirits during the whole evening. She held her cards in her hand, indeed, but she knew not what she played; and when the rest of the party had taken their leave, she lingered behind, and was in the saloon when Madame Prevot came in from her own party, to ask how the evening had passed off, and how the little stranger had conducted herself. "But I do not see her here," she added; "where is she?"

Pauline replied by telling her mother all

that had taken place, being probably restrained by the presence of Rozette from stating facts in any other way than as they had really happened.

"And all this is true, Mademoiselle St. Clair?" said Madame Prevot.

"Perfectly so, madame," replied Rozette. "Pauline has told you all that Sophie said and did; but she has not described to you the impressive and earnest manner of the dear child,—the beautiful expression of her heavenly countenance,—the brilliant glow which lighted up in her cheeks as she addressed us all! Oh, Madame Prevot! if she is right, what are we?"

"Surely, Rozette," said Juliette, "you are not going to be one of them?"

"One of what?" asked Rozette.

"A momiere," replied Juliette.

"Another *momiere de bon ton*!

"*Encore une momiere de plus*!

"*Dans l'Ecole*!

"*Qu'on enrolle*!

“ Encore un momiere de plus !

“ Dans le troupeau des élus ! ”

Juliette was reproved sharply for the levity of her manner by her mother, and unrewarded even by a single smile from Rozette.

“ These things make me very uneasy, Mademoiselle St. Clair,” said Madame Prevot, as she took up a candle. “ I must see my niece ; and as you have witnessed the former part of this affair, you are at liberty to follow me, my dear young lady, to her apartment.”

Rozette gladly availed herself of this permission, and followed Madame Prevot up stairs. As madame unclosed the door of Sophie’s chamber, the wind from the door, which opened on the roof of the house, nearly put out the candle. As she stepped back to preserve the flame, she exclaimed against Marianne for not shutting the door ; but, recollecting herself, she added, “ I forgot that she is not at home, and the other servants are engaged. I trust that the child has not gone to bed exposed to the night air, and such a

night as this, in which the fog is excessive." Madame Prevot then gave the candle to Rozette, whilst she went in to shut the door ; which being done, Mademoiselle St. Clair entered with the light.

We had left our little orphan kneeling by the bed. It seems, that from this position she had fallen side-ways on the floor, her head being a little raised by the foot of the bed, against which she had sunk. Her face, on which the light flared from the hand of Rozette, was deadly pale ; but what alarmed her friends beyond all measure was, that it was smeared with blood, as well as her dress : she was insensible.

Rozette and Madame Prevot shrieked aloud, as this melancholy object presented itself to their view. " O my little Sophie, child of my only sister !" exclaimed Madame Prevot, " I have not been the mother to you I should have been ;" and she sank on her knees by the child.

The cries speedily brought up the rest of

the family. The little girl was immediately undressed, and put into bed. A medical man was sent for, who, when he arrived, found that a small blood-vessel had broken, and that an inflammation on the chest, the pain of which the poor little girl had attributed to the fashionable corsets, had already made some progress; but the child did not give any evidence of consciousness till after several remedies had been administered. At length she spoke; and the first words which she said, were—"I am coming, mama, I am coming!"

"What does she say?" asked Rozette, who stood weeping at the foot of her bed. "Speak to her, Madame Prevot; ask her what she means."

The aunt then addressed her, assuming an indifference of manner which agreed but ill with her real feelings; for she was excessively affected by the condition of her little niece: "What did you say, my love?" she asked.

“Mama!” replied Sophie, “Mama! I am coming, mama!”

“But I am not your mama, my love,” answered Madame Prevot.

Sophie looked hard at her. “Dear aunt,” she said, “I took you for mama; you spoke with mama’s sweet voice.”

Madame Prevot was about to reply, when the physician interfered, begging that the young lady might be left in perfect quiet to the influence of a soporific draught which he meant to administer; in consequence of which, every one withdrew from the apartment, with the exception of Madame Prevot and a servant: for although in the former part of our narrative that lady must have appeared in every point of view but that which was amiable, it is certain that her conduct towards Sophie, during the latter period of the time in which that dear child was with her, was daily becoming more what it ought to be.

Poor Rozette, all drowned in tears as she

was, was compelled by the mandate of the physician to retire from the room. But even her mother, who came in her carriage to fetch her home, could not induce her, by any persuasions which she could use, to leave the house. And as Sophie's complaint was certainly not infectious, Madame St. Clair refrained from using authority. Rozette was therefore provided with a bed in the house, where she lay, and wept, and reflected, till wholly overpowered by fatigue. The result of her reflections will speedily appear more satisfactorily, we trust, than by any account of it which we could give. As to the daughters of Madame Prevot, it was not so evident how they were affected by this sudden calamity. They were not, however, insensible to the awful stroke, though it had not touched them personally. When Rozette joined them, after leaving Sophie's room, they looked pale as death; and that perfect stillness in their manners, so unnatural to young creatures,

was a strong proof that their consciences, as it regarded their treatment of their little cousin, were not entirely at ease.

But to return to our little orphan. Being under the influence of medicine, she seemed heavy and dull during the remainder of the night, yet not quiet; for she was extremely restless, tossing herself from side to side, and speaking frequently, though in sleep. Several times she called Janet Keller! and again, Aleine! and asked for water—water from that fountain. But her aunt did not understand what fountain she referred to. However, as her call for Janet and Aleine were so frequent, Madame Prevot sent off a carriage for the worthy woman and her granddaughter by break of day; and before noon, Janet and Aleine were by Sophie's bed, where they remained till their services were no longer required.

But it would be unprofitable to follow all the changes which took place in the condition of the little orphan, or to say how often some

pleasing appearances would revive the hopes of her anxious friends, only to dash them down, by the recurrence of still more threatening symptoms ; for, with the exception of the slight appearances above mentioned, the terrible disorder made a steady progress, till at length, at the end of thirteen days, beyond all expectations to those who were not better instructed in the nature of such diseases, she appeared decidedly better.

It was Saturday morning, when, after an unusually restless night, she asked for something to eat ; and, having taken a biscuit and some tea, she said, “ Dear nurse, I am better ; I am quite comfortable. How good you have been to me ! ” And she extended her arms to embrace the venerable peasant. “ And now, Aleine,” she said,—“ dear Aleine, call my own kind Rozette, and ask her to write for me.”

Rozette was called, and came rejoicing, from the report given her by Aleine ; and therefore she was the more painfully surprised when

Sophie begged her to sit down and write—what in fact, though not in form, was nothing less than the last will and testament of her friend ; but Rozette had the discretion not to make any comments, but merely to write from the dictation of her beloved Sophie, who was telling her how she should wish all her little treasures to be disposed of.

A miniature picture, which her mother had caused to be taken of herself, in London, was to be added to the little box of remembrances, which had been prepared by her own hands, together with two of her beautiful auburn ringlets, her Bible and hymn-book,—the same which she had used when taken to the place of worship in le Pré l'Eveque,—were to be given to her aunt, her own dear aunt, as she called Madame Prevot, and all her other possessions bequeathed among those she loved, and who had been kind to her ; not one of whom was forgotten, even to the peasant girl, who led the cows of Joseline Keller.

When all this was completed with great

promptitude and clearness of head—and when the writing had been read to her—she called Rozette near to her, and, thanking her for her kindness, she said, “You will give this paper to my dear aunt, with my grateful love, and tell her that I have been thinking, that when I first came to Geneva, I was sulky and cold to her. Please to ask her to forgive me. I have been thinking a great deal about it. I mean to beg her pardon, when she comes to me next; but please to tell her what I say. And now,” she added, “I think I have settled every thing about my things;” and she turned to Janet, to remind her if she had forgotten any body, but Janet could scarcely speak. However, Sophie did not observe the agitation of those about her.

The little girl did not fail again through all the forenoon. However, she said no more upon the subjects which had occupied her in the morning; but took several occasions to speak to those about her on matters of eternal import.

Her aunt being in the room, though not within her view, she called Rozette to her side, and said, " I think I did not behave well about those cards. Was not I violent and cross that night ? But I cannot tell you what I felt. I was thinking of those happy Sunday evenings, when I was a little child. But you will not play at cards again on the Sunday evening ; and when you have little children, you will not let them do it ; will you, dear Rozette ? For Sunday is the day set by for serving our Redeemer more particularly ; and you would love each other so much, (I mean all the young ladies who meet on a Sunday evening,) if you would read the Bible together, and sing hymns after tea ; you would love each other so much—so very much, when you grew up, and remembered the pleasant holy hours you spent together in your childhood. Emily and Lucy and I were but three in number, and I was less than them ; but my love for them is such," she added, raising her dark blue eyes, " as death—death,"—

she repeated the awful word,—“as death cannot dissolve. But such ties as yours, Rozette,” she added, (speaking no longer as a child,) “they cannot—will not stand beyond this mortal life. And oh ! how short, how uncertain is this life !” she continued. “It was only this day fortnight,”—and there she hesitated. “To-morrow, and then glory—glory”—and there she ceased to speak.

Rozette could not reply ; but, shrinking behind the curtain, burst into a fresh gush of tears.

“Is it possible,” said Madame Prevot, who stood near to Rozette, “that we have been wrong through all our lives, and that those are right, whom we have despised ?”

“If so,” returned Rozette, “may the Almighty lead us from our errors !”

During that forenoon, Sophie also asked to see her cousins, putting up her lips to kiss them ; but at this time she did not speak.

Janet did not like the unnatural strength,

both of body and mind, which her beloved Sophie exhibited during that morning. She was not surprised, therefore, to see her flag about mid-day, though she was terrified at the very decided change which took place towards the hour which coincided with her first attack; and it was agony to the poor nurse to observe that mortal struggle, which continued all the night, in which the poor little girl was, as it were, passing that narrow strait, in which the natural body is dissolved, and where the redeemed soul obtains deliverance from all that Adam's disobedience bequeathed to his posterity.

Oh, how did the pious peasant pray for the deliverance of her little one! And indeed her prayers were heard; for in the morning, though the soul had not departed, the bitterness of death was passed, and the child, though visibly dying, was sleeping away the short remainder of her life.

It was Sunday morning; the sun was shining, and the bells were ringing. Sophie

had been removed from her bed in the alcove, to a couch, before the open glass-door. The air was balmy and fragrant. It was a lovely day; and Janet and Aleine, seeing their Sophie easy, felt themselves able to praise their God for a redeemed soul.

Neither was Janet slow to see the wisdom of God in retarding the deliverance of the little redeemed one for a few hours, in order, no doubt, that her cousins and Mademoiselle St. Clair might see, what they never had seen before, viz. the awful march of the King of Terrors; for these young creatures stood by Sophie's couch nearly the whole day, sobbing and weeping, by turns, and, it is trusted, deriving everlasting good to themselves, from the short discourses which passed between the dying child and the pious peasant. For Sophie awoke from time to time, starting and catching her breath, yet smiling, as if from a sense of joy, too strong for mortal anguish.

"Are you easy, my love?" Janet said at one time to the little girl.

“Very! very easy, dear nurse!” she replied. “I shall soon be with my Redeemer, and with mama. Oh, Janet! I was not mistaken! I am redeemed—I know it now!”

“And how, my love, how do you know it?” asked Janet.

“I see him when I sleep, nurse,” she replied. “He is there—He is always with me, though I am a foolish child—a sinful child. He has taken my sins away, and I shall never see them more.”

“There!” said Janet, when Sophie slept again,—“there! You see the power of true religion. This child in life was brought to know that God the Son is her Redeemer, and that God the Father, in teaching her that which no man knows by human reason, has given her the earnest of her salvation. In this assurance, she was next taught to seek sanctification by God the holy Spirit. And now, what remains, but that which is about to be, viz. glorification! which will ensue as certainly as you and I stand here, when this

her ancestors. But I cannot close my history without mentioning one circumstance, viz. that Rozette St. Clair and Pauline Prevot, having been absent for more than a month from their society, agreed with each other, that when they next met their young friends, they would propose to them what Sophie had suggested, viz. that they should, when assembled on the sacred day of the Lord, devote a portion of each evening to reading the Holy Scriptures, and singing the praises of God, to the utter exclusion of cards or dancing. But I am sorry to add that I cannot inform my reader whether this proposition has yet been made. Nor can I form any conjecture, should it ever be made, how it might be received.

Lyons, Nov. 5, 1831.

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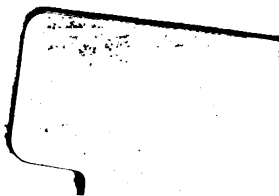
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